BRITANNIA and EVE

SEPTEMBER
1948

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 37 No. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1948

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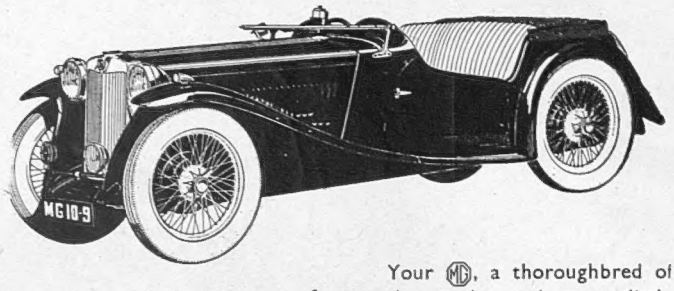

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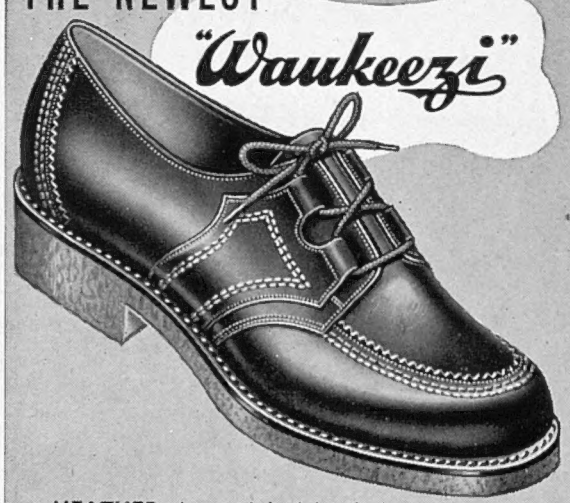

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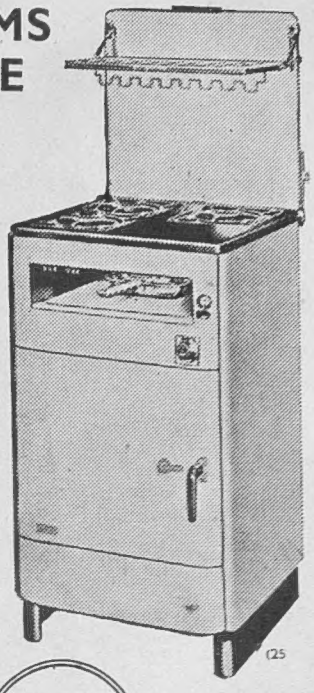

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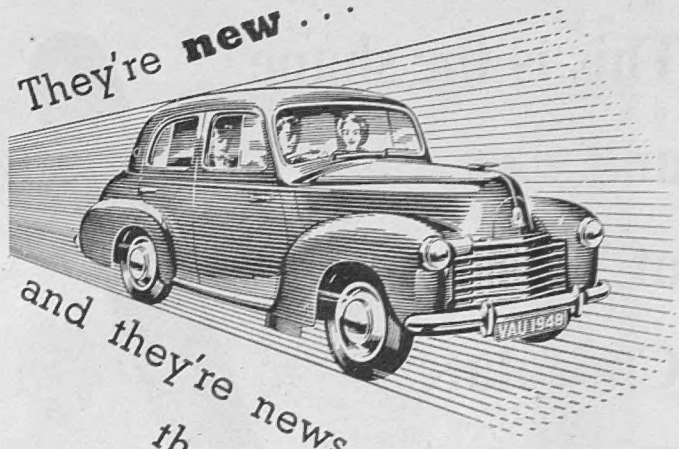

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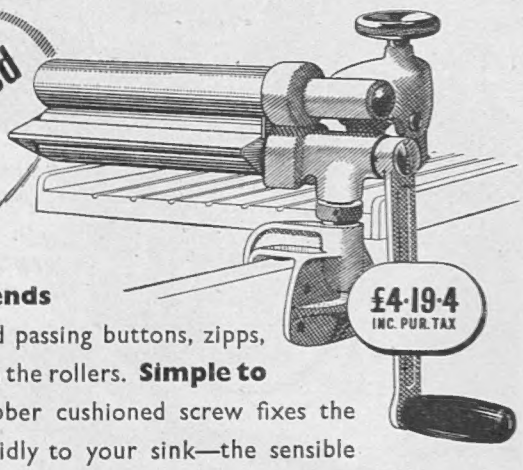

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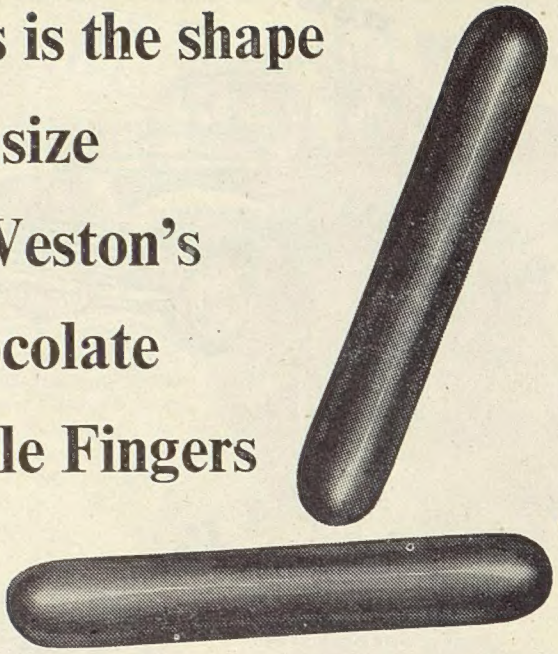

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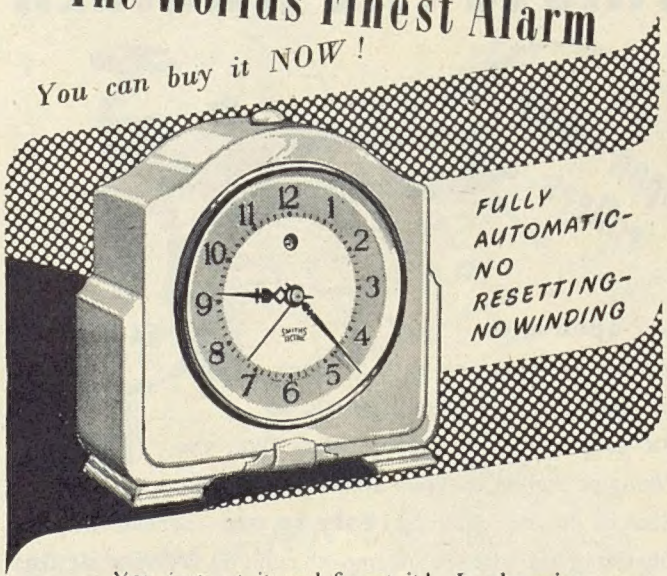

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"The Man Who Was Murdered Twice"

A Short Story

by Laurence Kirk

Illustrations by Frank Lea

THE stethoscope was hanging from Dr. Ashley's ears as he made his examination in the private ward of the hospital. It was a twenty-guinea room; and though the windows were open, the drawn blinds filtered the white sunshine into a cool, soothing greenness. Besides the doctor and the unconscious patient there were two other people in the room, both motionless. The nurse was standing starchily by the bed, ready to give any assistance that the doctor might require; and the police sergeant sat in an easy chair in his brown lounge suit with his felt hat balanced on his knee. The only sound in the room was the uncertain breathing of the man in the bed.

The doctor's examination was thorough and took a long time. When it was over he removed the stethoscope from his ears and nodded to the nurse, who proceeded to arrange the bed-clothes. The police sergeant stood up as the doctor came forward with the stethoscope dangling in his right hand.

"It 's touch and go," the latter said. "But I think he 'll live. He won't be fit to answer questions for several days."

The police sergeant just nodded and the doctor went on.

"If you 'll come down to my office I 'll give you the bullet I extracted from his lung."

Again the police sergeant nodded; and Dr. Ashley after a word to the nurse opened the door, and the two men walked down the passage together.

The office was on the next floor; and after the doctor had shut the door and

The police sergeant stood up as the doctor came forward with the stethoscope dangling in his right hand. "It 's touch and go," the latter said

indicated the police sergeant to a seat, he unlocked a drawer in his desk and took out a small white pill-box.

"Here 's the bullet," he said, handing it over. "A ·38, isn't it?"

The sergeant had a look and nodded.

"Yes, that 's right, a ·38."

"Doesn't help you much, I suppose?"

"Not until we find the gun, Sir."

"Well, I 'm afraid I can't help you any more. The operation confirmed what I have already told you. The bullet was fired from behind and at a distance. It could not possibly have been self-inflicted."

"Thank you, Sir. Anything else?"

"No. . . . That leaves you with a case of attempted murder, I suppose?"

"That 's right, Sir. If he doesn't die."

"Well, he didn't die last time when it was poison! . . . Have you ever known a case before, Sergeant, when murder was attempted on the same man twice in one year?"

"No, Sir. Not unless it was a gang affair—or some political execution."

"And there 's no indication of that?"

"No, Sir. Mr. Bentley has no political connections, and he is well-to-do."

"A connoisseur of some kind, I believe."

"That 's right, Sir. Dilettante, some people call it."

"Aren't such people sometimes what you call 'fences'?"

"In a lower walk of life, yes, Sir. But not in Mr. Bentley's. In any case, that was gone into most searchingly at the first trial, and there wasn't a shred of evidence."

"H'm. . . . Well, it can't be the same man making a second attempt, can it?"

"No, Sir, that it can't. The Falconer chap is safely in Parkhurst doing his five years."

"I wonder if he knows this second attempt has been made."

"He certainly knows that, Sir. We took good care to tell him: thought he might know who else had a grudge against Bentley."

"And you found out?"

"Nothing really, Sir. That Falconer is a cagey one. Remember he admitted putting the strychnine in Bentley's whisky, but he never said why at the time, and he didn't say why this time either."

"Can you tell me who the woman was, Mrs. Langley?" "Yes, Doctor, it was my mother." Dr. Ashley's mouth opened and the pen slipped from his hand to the desk. He recovered himself immediately, however, and proceeded in a very quiet voice.

"Did he say anything at all?"

"Yes, Sir, he said two things. He said that if anyone had put a bullet in Bentley, it couldn't be for the same reason that he had tried the strychnine."

"Well, that's definite enough! And the second thing?"

"He said that if Bentley recovered, he wouldn't be surprised if somebody tried a knife the third time."

"H'm! An interesting man, this Falconer. . . . Would there be any objection to my having a word with him? I'm going to be down near Parkhurst at the end of the month."

The police sergeant put the pill-box in his pocket and stood up.

"I don't think so, Sir. But I'll have to ask headquarters. I'll let you know, Sir; and you'll let me know when I can come and get a statement from Bentley?"

DR. ASHLEY had been a specialist in psychopathic cases at one time in his career. He had given it up because he began to be afraid that he was becoming psychopathic himself. In spite of that, he remained intensely interested in that humid exotic country which lay between the borders of sanity and insanity, and his instinct and experience both told him that the case of Merrion Bentley lay in that little explored region.

He went over it all that evening again in his head, and came to this conclusion by eliminating the other possibilities. Chronic killers were common both in the history of crime and of medicine. What was not common was to be a chronic killee, though it was quite reasonable to suppose that an individual could give off some kind of wave-length which would incite murder, in the same way that a certain note on a violin could break a glass at the other end of a room. He had met that quality in some women, but never in a man before. In a woman it generally arose out of one of two combinations. Great beauty and great callousness: or little beauty and much clingingness. But neither of those combinations would meet the case of Merrion Bentley, and Dr. Ashley was quite determined to pursue the matter further.

But first he wanted to be quite sure that the two cases of attempted murder were really separate. The affair held no interest for him if the second attempt simply followed from the failure of the first. Gang killings were as uninspiring as fish queues. It just meant that one member of a gang knew too much or took too much, and if one of the gang did not get him another would. Dr. Ashley was already satisfied that Bentley had no

connection with subversive politics or black market dealings. If those were ruled out, there seemed to be only two other possibilities: blackmail or the Secret Service. The latter was another case of knowing too much. But Bentley had been an air-raid warden during the war, and nothing more. He occasionally gave talks on china or Italian furniture for the B.B.C.; but that was not enough to arouse his listeners to murder. There therefore remained blackmail, but blackmail was generally the last resort of the needy. Bentley had £4000 a year apart from what he got from the B.B.C.; so that did not seem so likely. Or was it possible after all? Could one perhaps use blackmail against a man's heart as well as against his pocket?

Bentley was well known in London and Dr. Ashley had no difficulty in getting a superficial picture of him. He was about fifty, with good features and figure, and was always well dressed. He was unmarried, and as far as anyone knew he had no blood relations of any kind. He lived in an expensive flat in Westminster, full of beautiful furniture, and since the war ended entertained there quite a lot. During the war he had evacuated the furniture, but not himself, to Wales. But even then he had entertained a good deal at various hotels. He liked young people around him, including beautiful women. At the same time, as far as was known, he had never had any love-affairs. He was seen sometimes dining with three attractive women at some expensive hotel; but never with one. He seemed to believe in the theory of safety in numbers.

Dr. Ashley gained the foregoing information from four different sources, and in each case he had asked one further question. It was quite a simple question: Do you like the man? Dr. Ashley was interested in the response he got; for it was almost identical in each case. First the man (or woman) he was talking to had to think a moment. Then they would say:

"I like his parties, and I like hearing him talk. But like him personally? No, I don't think I do."

The doctor was already armed with all this information when Merrion Bentley began to be convalescent. The latter was sitting up in bed in a sumptuous silk dressing-gown when he went that particular day. Ashley noted what a well-made face he had and how little grey there was in his abundant hair; and he took his wrist to feel his pulse.

Presently he put the wrist back on the sheet. He had already looked at the chart at the foot of the bed.

"Well, that's satisfactory," he said. "You won't be needing me much longer."

"How much longer, Doctor?"

"You can go home by the end of the week, if you like." Ashley paused and gave him a sharp glance. "But perhaps you'd rather stay here as things are."

"I would rather stay here," Bentley said coldly. "I think it's disgraceful the way the police have handled this affair. They're no further on than they were three weeks ago when I was deliberately shot in the back."

"You haven't helped them much, Mr. Bentley," Ashley said.

"How could I help them? I've no idea who it was. I haven't got any enemies. Never have had."

"Have you got any friends?" Ashley asked quietly.

Bentley showed signs of displeasure.

"You ask that, I suppose, because no one has come to visit me?"

"I have noticed that fact."

"The only reason for that is that I gave instructions that I didn't want to see anyone."

"Then you think it is one of your friends who did it?"

"If you choose to put it that way, yes. There must be a madman amongst them. The public must be protected from madmen like that. And it's up to the police to do it."

Dr. Ashley picked up his hat.

"Was the man Falconer a friend of yours?" he asked.

"No, a bare acquaintance. He thought he had a grudge against me because I am well off and enjoy life. I was just unlucky in that he picked on me."

"Too bad to be so unlucky twice!" Dr. Ashley observed. Then he turned to Bentley again. "If they do find the man this time, what sentence do you think he'll get?"

"Life, I hope," Bentley said viciously.

"What's the good of five years? They're out in no time."

"You don't think Falconer will cause any more trouble, do you?"

"No, I don't," Bentley answered. "It's the other one I'm worried about. Not knowing who it is."

Dr. Ashley went out. As he walked down the passage he was saying to himself: "Interesting? Yes. Good-looking? Yes. But like him? No, I don't think I do."

THE problem whether Merrion Bentley should go home or not was settled in the next few days. He began to run a temperature in the evenings; and as the reason was not yet apparent, he had to remain in hospital under observation. In the meantime Dr. Ashley, having obtained the permission of the police, paid his visit to Parkhurst. He had a word with the Governor first, and was told that Falconer was a model prisoner and gave no trouble. After that the Governor went out and Dr. Ashley interviewed Falconer alone in the Governor's office.

He had a good look at the man and shook his hand. Quick, thin, wiry, he noted: about twenty-eight years old. He had startlingly light clear blue eyes.

These eyes regarded Dr. Ashley very steadily as he sat down; then the latter, who was sitting in the Governor's chair, began:

"How are you getting on here, Mr. Falconer?"

A slight smile crossed the man's face.

"They don't call me Mr. here, Doctor, nor even Captain, which is the right term. Just Falconer."

"Very well, Falconer," Ashley smiled back. "But how are you getting on?"

"Quite well, I'm told, Sir."

"Health all right?"

"Never better. It's like the Savoy to me, you know. I was a P.O.W. with the Japs for three years."

"You were taken at Singapore, weren't you?"

"Yes, Sir. With a good many others."

Dr. Ashley paused. He found he was liking Falconer just as much as he had disliked Bentley.

"I suppose you know I didn't come here to discuss your health?" he went on.

"No." The blue eyes were looking at him very straight. "You want to know why I poisoned Bentley. And I'm afraid you are going to be disappointed, Doctor. If I had been going to spill the beans at all, I'd have done it at the trial."

Dr. Ashley changed the subject.

"Why did you use strychnine?" he asked.

"Only thing I could get," Falconer said calmly. "And they do use it for rats, don't they?"

"Weren't you risking poisoning a whole lot of people putting it in the decanter as you did?"

"No, it was at the end of a party, and I knew his habits. He never drank anything when people were about, but he would put on his silk dressing-gown and drink a whole bottle when they had gone."

"You knew him pretty well, of course?"

"I was only in the outer circle of his acquaintances. He was in the inner circle of mine."

Dr. Ashley paused once again, and it was Falconer who asked the next question.

"How is Mr. Bentley, Doctor?"

"He's going to recover."

"Pity!"

"It may not be such a pity for the man who shot him. You would have got more than five years, you know, if the charge had been murder."

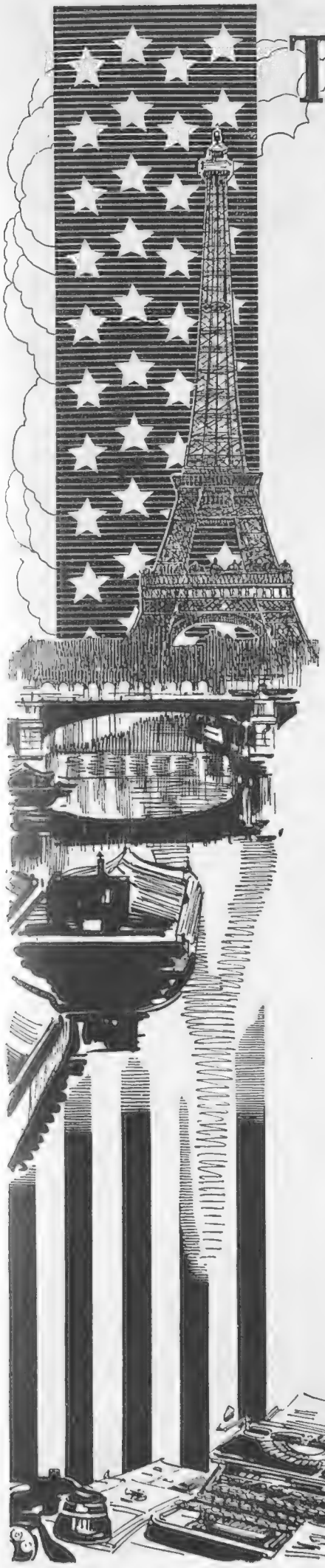
"That's true enough. . . . But I don't suppose he will mind any more than I should have."

"You say 'he'?"

"That doesn't mean that I know who he is."

"D'you (*Continued on page* 48.)

Ashley was drying his hands then, and he turned round furiously, almost as though he were going to strike the anæsthetist



The (dis) United Nations' Disenchanted Family

By Ferdinand Tuohy

ONE thought currently gnaws at the minds of most of the Secretariat of the United Nations.

"Am I for Paris?"

The annual Assembly opens this month beneath the Eiffel Tower, and the prospect of a break by the Seine dazzles after three years of Lake Success—or even less. But Trygve Lie's family of international civil servants tops the three thousand mark and if one in every four makes the golden journey, the family may consider itself lucky.

The itch to get away from Flushing Meadows and its drab, dear, driving and difficult living conditions was evident last year at Geneva when most of the U.N.O. workers who crossed to operate conferences at the European headquarters, wanted ardently to remain there. It was ironic in a way, because the old League of Nations Secretariat used to grumble at the dearness, dullness and frigidity of the home of Calvin!

Comparison with the old League is inevitable. That international family which never expanded beyond 800, yet did the work for just as many nations as does U.N.O., was put together gradually by a Scot with his eyes on the purse-strings. Not that the present Lord Perth was mean; he was careful. Careful about getting the right people, careful about assuring their future, so careful about the whole business that the League handed to its successor more than £6,000,000 in assets.

Trygve Lie's staff was slung together in haste, costs many times as much as its predecessor to maintain, yet is offered little security of tenure. The boss is a big man who sees big, acts big, and spends big. That accounts for the faulty hurry with which the U.N. staff was set up. Trygve could not wait. His mother used to run a boarding-house called *Elverhoy* or Fairy Hill, and at fifty Trygve wanted things to grow at once in mass at Flushing Meadows as if it were a fairyland.

I am telling the story of a largely disenchanted family and a variety of reasons will be adduced. A contributing cause from the first has been staff unbalance due to haste. The ideal was to share out the posts mathematically into fixed quotas for all the fifty-one member nations. Nobody expected that for a long while. But neither was it anticipated that eight out of every ten jobs in the junior grades would go to Americans, and getting on for one-third of the senior posts.

And the worst of it was that so many of the native sons and daughters who hooked these jobs, big and small, never were "up" to them. Too many at the upper levels sailed in on the coat-tails of political leaders or friends at court, and too many of the smaller fry came from the ranks of U.S. Government workers rendered redundant when swollen wartime staffs were reduced. True, there has been a deal of weeding out. Trygve has gone ascouring Europe principally, so that there are now 1,405 non-Americans on the Secretariat. Yet that still leaves over fifty per cent American in a world-wide international institution.

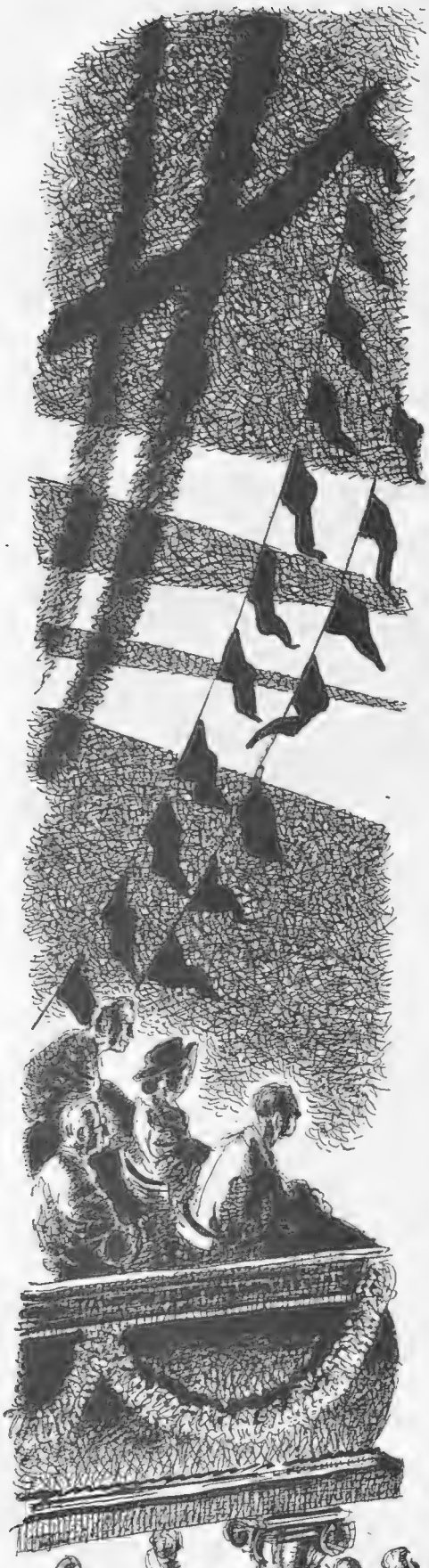
At the top is the Norse heavyweight Trygve, a man's man of beer, boxin', fishin' and shootin'. Not that he hasn't a charming family out at Forest Hills (the whole Secretariat is spread out all over the place according to status and salary). Once there was a meeting at which a young Frenchman told Lie to his face that he was out of touch with his staff. Trygve is at what amounts to his best—accessible and open-minded—with five cronies and advisors, two Norse journalists, one American ditto, one Norse ex-intelligence officer, and one Irishman formerly with the League.

The boss is also in his element as host to top-line notables and visitors. He has turned the cellar of his New York suburban mansion into a baronial hall whose dinner parties of twenty-four are famous. It can be done even in New York with £10,000 a year free of income tax and diplomatic rights of importation. Trygve uses these occasions, and others, to try to smooth things out off stage. But it hasn't availed much, to judge by this assessment made in a quarter that warrants hearing:

"He has not been able to establish himself as an arbitor above the conflict, a figure genuinely respected . . . No intervention of his could mitigate the major clashes, but a man of greater moral standing and world influence could certainly have sweetened tempers and shamed crudities . . . As it is, rancour runs from top to bottom of international life."

But enough of the boss—beyond adding that he was a compromise choice rather more than merely acceptable to the Russians, that anti-Lie voices say he's a Soviet stooge, and that, in all veracity, some of his inaction has done little to remove the stigma.

Directly below the boss are eight assistant secretaries-general whose pickings are between £6,000 and £7,000 all told. Each of these fountain-heads presides over an international team composed of diplomatists, professors, scientists, economists, statisticians, P.R.O.s, educationists, linguists, research (*Continued on page* 52)



The Spell-Binders

The Spate Of Words And The Thraldom Of The Masses

By C. Patrick Thompson

"FRIENDS, Americans, countrymen, lend me your ears. . . ."

Forty-six million ears, the ears of the voting citizenry in the 1948 U.S. Presidential election. Oratory is pouring into them at an average million words daily as the campaign reaches its zenith. It's fairly evenly divided between the champions of Republican Dewey and the champions of Democratic Truman.

Somewhere among those 46,000,000 voters are the few millions who will swing the balance. In a landslide year, the margin is large: Roosevelt won by 27,476,673 against Landon's 16,679,583 in 1936. But in a close contest the gap can narrow—Willkie came within five millions of Roosevelt's 27,243,466 votes in 1940. The current battle for political control of the world's richest and most powerful State, with all that goes with the Presidency in terms of power and patronage, is likely to be bitter. Hence the tremendous tornado of rhetoric.

And it's all so much waste of time and energy, of words. Or so say the scientific analysts, who should know. The oratorical season in a U.S. Presidential campaign is the six months May—October. In 1940, a Gallup Poll in May forecast a 57 per cent. vote for Roosevelt: the election six months later showed 55 per cent. The billions of words spewed over six months of time had induced only two citizens in every hundred to change their minds.

Next time, 1944, an April Gallup Poll showed 55 per cent for Roosevelt, 45 per cent for Dewey. You might guess that during the ensuing six months Dewey, physically unimpressive, lacking magnetism, cold, would lose part of his April strength to Roosevelt, the handsome, magnetic, silver-tongued orator. It would be a wrong guess. November, the voters divided 54 for Roosevelt, 46 for Dewey. Again the citizenry had made up its collective mind before the oratory started.

A like analysis would probably disclose the same phenomenon in Britain. Look how the oratorical Goliath, Churchill, was brought down by the oratorical David, Attlee!

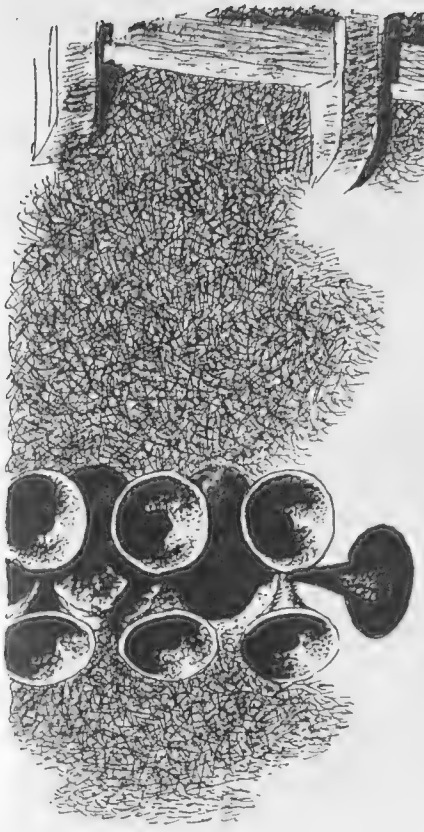
Yet the specialized scientist with whom I have been discussing the subject—and who is conducting researches into this little-understood realm of sound and passion—is insistent that we are living in times when the gift of the gab is as dangerous as a loaded shotgun in the hands of a belligerent drunk. Move the focus of the observation lens from America to Merseyside. It's June, and a crowd of dockers are debating whether or not to come out in sympathy with their London comrades. They've decided against a sympathetic strike. It's common sense. The London strike is unofficial; the union's Merseyside officials advise the men to back their own union and not be led astray.

Suddenly, two men appear on the platform. Harry Constable and Bert Saunders, two members of the London strike committee, have rushed up to gain the Merseyside men's ear. They open their mouths wide, their practised tongues wag, their muscular larynxes vibrate at high velocity, and lo! the Merseyside dockers change mood and mind, and come out.

Marvellous! Sinister, too. But puzzling. How do they do it? Or fail to do it?

That's what the specialized researchers are working on. They're digging deep into the mysteries of the relationship between voice and ear. They explain the apparent contradiction in the dockers-voters test by reference to time and mass mood. The dockers were caught off mental balance. The thing was new to them and they were open to be swayed by rabble-rousing rhetoric. But what political campaign managers and orators forget is that the voting citizens have had a year or two to talk things over, and get mentally set; and by election-campaign they're pretty well hardened against the wiles of oratory, the "harlot of the arts."

But it's not that simple, really. Harry and Bert undoubtedly had something that the local union official spokesmen, reasonable fellows, lacked. The late A. J. Cook had it, and used it to take the miners into the 1926 strike which precipitated Britain's one and only general strike to date. Hitler had it. This thing is passion. You can do a lot with a crowd if you can emotionalize



it to the point where the reasoning faculties black out.

Few people have the whole spellbinding gift. Those who have it are usually capable of physical and nerve feats beyond the capacity of more than one in a million, or even one in a few millions, of their fellow men. The late and unlamented Huey Long was an outstanding example. He could and did talk loudly and passionately ten or twelve hours a day for weeks on end. He once talked the U.S. Senate almost literally under its seats—a fantastic filibuster lasting over fifteen hours non-stop.

Exploitation of his macabre powers took Huey from the job of travelling pedlar to despotic control of Louisiana (significantly, the most illiterate of the forty-nine States), a seat in the U.S. Senate, and a national fame only excelled in his day by Mr. Al Capone. In the end he was shot down as he strode through the corridor of the State Legislature in the midst of his tommy-gun-armed bodyguards.

Violent demagogues often come to these untimely ends. Robespierre and Hitler travelled the Huey Long path, too. Kerensky came close to it. It was Kerensky's rhetoric that detonated the Russian revolution. Kerensky did not realize he had touched off a chain-reaction; but Lenin did. The bald, implacable little exile danced with impatience in Zurich. He wanted to get within voice range of the confused revolutionary crowd. At last the Germans obliged by giving him passage in a sealed train via Finland. He was as good as an atomic bomb to them.

On April 3, 1917, Lenin met the party reception committee in the Czar's room at the Finland station at Petrograd, and stunned them with his exhortations. To hell with Kerensky! Down with the revolutionary government! No truck with the bourgeoise! All power to the workers', soldiers and peasants' deputies! Continue the war? Rubbish! Comrade Karl Liebnecht would take care of that. He would turn German weapons against the capitalist exploiters.

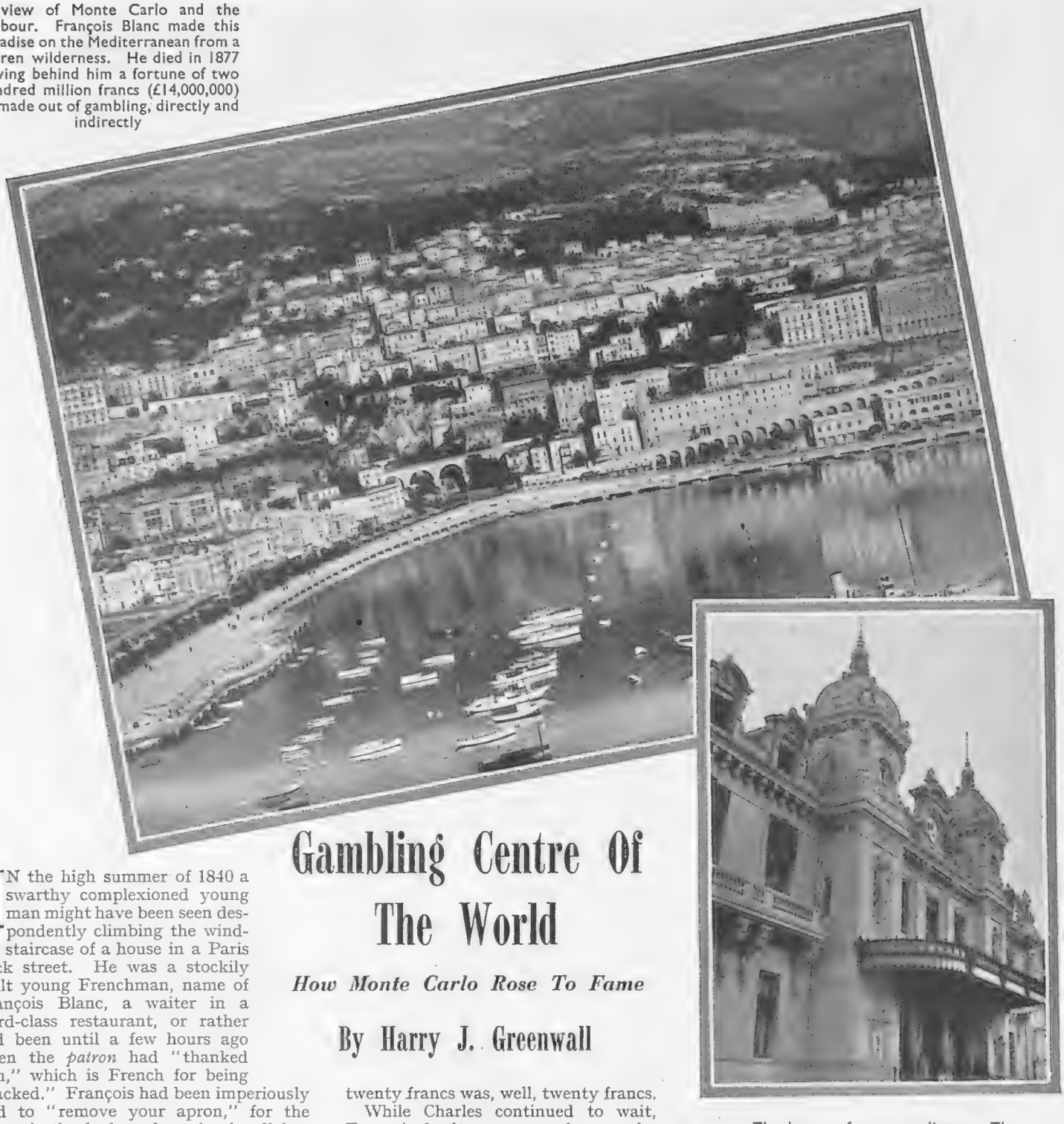
The committee, dazed, put their repatriated great man on top of an armoured car and drove him to party headquarters at the Ksuesinskaya Palace. At intervals the car stopped for Lenin to toss his rhetorical bombs among the street crowds. They seemed to be well received.

In a satin-lined court ballerina's room in the palace the party leaders made their greeting speeches. Lenin listened, bored, and then let go. After two hours of his oratory one Bolshevik leader staggered out feeling that he had been "flogged over the head with iron chains." Others said variously that the man was mad, he'd fallen off the moon, it was all absurd and fantastic. "A thunderbolt, startling everybody," said Trotsky.

Lenin in fact was saying that Kerensky had merely started a revolt. Now the Bolsheviki must go ahead and have a real revolution. The timid and the compromisers fled in dismay. The fanatics and the fighters coalesced around the spellbinder. It turned out that after all Lenin wasn't crazy. His was the voice of the masses, and it changed world history. Freed from the Tsardom, Russia became a police state instead of a parliamentary democracy.

Liebnecht did not conquer Germany for the proletariat with words. He finished up a bullet-riddled corpse in the river. And when, sixteen years later, Roehm tried to play Lenin to Hitler's Kerensky, Hitler, a doer as well as a talker, rubbed him out. But maybe Lenin knew he was only buying time and hope with his rhetoric about the German Communist leader.

Like Churchill when he threw off that celebrated bit of oratory: "Give us the tools and we will finish the job!" He must have known that without America's massive manpower (apart from the vast air fleet (*Continued on page* 56)



A view of Monte Carlo and the harbour. François Blanc made this paradise on the Mediterranean from a barren wilderness. He died in 1877 leaving behind him a fortune of two hundred million francs (£14,000,000) all made out of gambling, directly and indirectly

Gambling Centre Of The World

How Monte Carlo Rose To Fame

By Harry J. Greenwall

IN the high summer of 1840 a swarthy complexioned young man might have been seen despondently climbing the winding staircase of a house in a Paris back street. He was a stockily built young Frenchman, name of François Blanc, a waiter in a third-class restaurant, or rather had been until a few hours ago when the *patron* had "thanked him," which is French for being "sacked." François had been imperiously told to "remove your apron," for the apron is the badge of service in all but the very highest levels of French domestic service, so the command to down apron meant outer darkness. On this particular summer's day the *patron* had accused Blanc of having made false returns; it was the "sack"; there were always plenty of out-of-work waiters. It was this knowledge that caused François's despondency, for being dismissed in these circumstances meant difficulty in finding another place; still worse, it meant a setback to François's ambition to become the *patron* of a small hotel. Such were François's thoughts as he reached his garret.

He opened the door and there sitting on the bed might have been his twin self, but was not his twin self, it was his twin brother, Charles.

Charles, like François, was a waiter, but the pay and the tips were small.

The two brothers took stock of their finances. Their joint capital was twenty francs—about sixteen shillings, no feather bed to fall back upon, but in 1840 in Paris twenty francs was, well, twenty francs.

While Charles continued to wait, François dwelt on ways and means for making a fortune. In most Continental hotels and restaurants the waiters are gamblers, it seems to be second nature with them. No wonder then that François Blanc brooding in his garret turned his mind to speculation as a short cut to wealth. Yes, but gambling meant taking risks, didn't it? To make money out of gambling one had to eliminate the risk and "gamble on a certainty." That was investment with the surety of a worthwhile return, but how to cut out the risk? One way, the best way, would be to obtain advance information. H'm.

The agile brain of François Blanc went to work. People in other countries were turning their minds to better and quicker means of communication. A few months previously across the Channel in England they had instituted penny postage. Across the Rhine, in Germany, that young chap Reuter had been experimenting with carrier pigeons. If one could get information, financial information, before other people, then one could buy and sell stocks and shares knowing that the shares had risen or fallen before one bought or sold. All one had to do was to deal in shares which were being dealt in say Amsterdam and London and Frankfurt, as well as on the Paris Bourse.

François Blanc took his brother Charles into his confidence, but François was the dominant twin.

Semaphore signalling was the decision taken. A small list of shares was drawn up, but, of course, the scheme required financing, but François once his scheme was perfected found no difficulty in finding backers, although the Blanc brothers had to forego a considerable part of their gains in order to appease the financiers.

The scheme worked marvellously well and goodness knows what the end might have been or for (*Continued on page 52*)

The doors to fortune or disaster. The entrance to the Casino at Monte Carlo

Mr. Fix Wins His Spurs

An Unromantic Knight Meets Romance

By Jacques Gillies

THE train grated and the shock sent the carriages cannoning like startled horses. With a hand on the window rail, Mr. Fix steadied himself grimly. His bag slid backwards and forwards across the floor to the delight of two small boys. The train finally halted and squeaked twice on the ridiculous high note peculiar to French trains.

Mr. Fix retrieved his case and stepped relievedly down to the platform. He pushed back his hat and stared about him, taking in the station name on a hoarding. Andrew Fix was in Rouen.

The Dean at Possett College had said: "You'll like Rouen, Fix. A pleasant tongue, and the cathedral and the medieval relics are delightful." He coughed. "In fact I spent my honeymoon there." Andrew Fix caught the glimpse of a rare, unscholarly smile. He remembered it again as he went down the stairs, his heavy brogues making the iron steps ring.

The taxi-driver's face was brown under a greasy beret. "*Oui, M'sieu,* I know the school very well." His laugh was sly, Gallic and obscene. He winked at Andrew Fix.

Fix, in the back, pondered this unaccountable behaviour as the car tore crazily through the town. Clear at last of the houses they dropped down a long green hill. The white road cast about erratically through the orchards. At the bottom they found the sudden coolness of a drive. Flicking through the gate, Andrew Fix saw the white notice board momentarily. It said:

MADAME DE RUFFEC
Une école d'arts d'agrement
pour jeunes filles

"*Madame* de Ruffec," muttered Mr. Fix and frowned. The frown deepened as they overtook a group of young ladies on cycles. These drew squealing to the side of the drive.

At the door the taxi-driver tucked the money in an inner pocket. "*Bonne chance, M'sieu,*" he whispered. His brown face shimmered.

Andrew Fix went up the steps. A door on the right said "Mme. de Ruffec, Directrice." He knocked. He heard the creak of a chair and the door was opened by a pleasant, middle-aged woman.

He said: "Good evening, my name is Fix, from Oxford University."

The lady's black eyes glistened delightedly. "Ah, but yes, M'sieu Fix!" she cried. She drew him into the room by a cuff. "Ah, but you are so young—and so er—handsome. You will be an English treat

Illustrated by Pout

MADAME DE RUFFEC struck an alarming pose. "Here we finish off the girls." She snapped her fingers appropriately

for the girls." She shook a wicked finger at him and pushed him into a chair.

Mr. Fix's jaw was slack with shock. "Girls?"

"Yes yes! Here," Madame de Ruffec struck an alarming pose, "here we finish off the girls." She snapped her fingers appropriately.

"A girls' finishing school," said her guest slowly. "There's been a mistake." He stood up and reached for his bag.

"No, no!" said the lady anxiously. "You must stay. After all our English teacher she has gone to London."

"I'm sorry." Mr. Fix laid a savage hand on his bag.

"Please, please, M'sieu Fix, you will like it here. Do not be angry. A man!" she sighed happily. "If only M'sieu Boccaccio were alive, what a tale he could make of this."

ON the way to prayers the green eyes of Jill Bagshott were wide and contemplative. "I wonder what he's like. Poor lamb, I suppose he'll be torn to pieces."

Miss Tennessee Smith who was walking beside her stopped kicking a stone and regarded her carmine nails. "I'll say. But not by us. The staff will eat him. I bet that Latour woman has been preening her phony blonde curls in front of him." Miss Smith restored a curl in her own immaculate head.

The girl on Miss Bagshott's right spoke in broken English. "Perhaps," said Eve Mignon, "he has the wife already?"

"That's no protection," said Miss Tennessee Smith.

They linked arms and went up the steps together. Inside the small chapel was like an aviary. The twittering of English girls, the high piercing whistle of French girls, the harsh call of American girls and the soft predatory clucking of girls from the East. As Miss Bagshott found her prayer book there was silence. She looked up in time to see the stately entrance of the headmistress. Like penguins behind her swayed the other teachers.

On the tail behind Raoul, the ancient gardener, Mr. Fix sauntered unhappily. Under the battery of seventy pairs of adoring eyes he flushed and reached a hand to smooth his unruly hair. The colour spread darkly to his face and a barely perceptible sigh ran through the hall.

"Gee," whispered Tennessee Smith, "he's cute."

"*Il est merveilleux,*" breathed the French girl.

Jill Bagshott narrowed her eyes critically. "He *is* rather nice."

MR. FIX sat in his study with his head in his hands. The window before him was open. It opened to the green beauty of the college gardens and lifted in changing swathes to the sparkle of Rouen in the powder-blue distance. Above the town the delicate Gothic spires pricked a sky of satisfying blue. Andrew Fix, who had lived amongst the dreaming spires immortalized by Mr. Browning, should have been impressed. Instead he was sunk in apathetic despair. He was studying his curriculum—English History—English Grammar—Shakespeare—Mr. Fix to be in attendance at dancing class and games.

"Dancing class," he muttered and his hands moistened in terror. It was his first morning.

"Pssst!" said Miss Bagshott at the window.

"*Bon jour.*"

"Good morning."

Mr. Fix scrambled up. "You're English?"

"Scots."

"Sorry."

"That's all right," said Miss Bagshott politely.

"Are you a student here?"

"Yes. I'm being slowly finished." She spoke with hopeless emphasis. A bell rang faintly in the distance. "Well, *au revoir*, Mr. Fix. See you in dancing class."

Andrew Fix shuddered. "Good-bye," he mumbled. He leapt up suddenly. "Hey! Will I see you again?" he called.

"At dancing class." Miss Bagshott looked provocative. She smiled complacently. She had beaten Miss Tennessee Smith to first base.

Mr. Fix scooped the books and curriculum under his arm and set of for the history class. He walked down the corridor with the dejected steps of a man scaffold-bound. His black gown was drawn about him like a winding sheet.

"ONE two three, one two three," sang Miss Latour. Her shrill voice rose above the endless waltz executed (thought Mr. Fix with music-hall grimness) by the headmistress at the piano. Tiny symmetrical globules of sweat scintillated on his forehead and he was making vain attempts to frustrate Miss Tennessee Smith in her efforts to place her cheek against his own.

"One two three, one two three," counted Mr. Fix under his breath.

Miss Smith's fingers gently ruffed the hairs at the nape of his neck. "Gee, this is corny, isn't it?"

"It is a little old-fashioned."

"You like modern music then, Mr. Fix?"

Andrew Fix looked at the face upturned to his like a flower. "Yeeees," he said, guardedly.

"That's swell. Look, I have Saturday off and I know a cosy little club in the town where the music is terrific!"

"I'm afraid——"

"Mint juleps, too," added Miss Smith.

"I'm sorry. Lots of work to do. I'll have no time for dancing."

They were passing the piano and the jangle submerged his voice. "Pardon?" said Miss Smith.

Mr. Fix repeated it again

loudly. It was unfortunate that the music stopped when he was half way through so that the words "no time for dancing," rang through the hall like an evangelist's message. An expectant hush followed it.

"Now, now! Mr. Fix," twittered the Directrice, "we mustn't be subversive." She clapped her hands. "Change partners everybody!"

This was the signal for everyone to converge on Mr. Fix. Eve Mignon was first and she set her hand firmly on his shoulder. The piano rattled off and Miss Latour continued to count crisply alongside.

"You are happy, Mr. Fix?" said Mlle. Mignon as they moved off.

He shook his head. "Not very."

"You are unhappy," she said intensely.

Too late he realized that the jaws of the trap were about him as securely as Miss Mignon's flexed fingers on his shoulders. He struggled. "Well, you see I'm not happy and I'm not unhappy, just—just normal."

"No. You are unhappy." She moved a little closer to him. "I am unhappy too."

"Now, now," said Mr. Fix with a sick-looking grin.

"No, we are both unhappy." Her eyes were liquid and troubled. "My family have allowed me a little flat in Rouen where I can go when I am unhappy. It is quite simple but I can romp like—like a kitten, away from all this." The clamp loosened on his shoulder for a moment, and she waved at the jigging couples.

"That must be very nice for you?"

"You think it is nice, M'sieu Fix? Ah! How I hoped you would. You must come too and share my happy moments. We will be happy together."

"I'm very sorry," babbled Mr. Fix, "but I shall be very busy. No time for romping."

"We shall see. Perhaps," went on the French girl winningly, "when you know me a little better you will romp with me?"

"Perhaps," said Andrew Fix and thankfully heard the tumult and Miss Latour's shouting die.

"NOT you," said Jill Bagshott with satisfaction as the music started up again.

"Not before time."

"Poor Mr. Fix. Not enjoying your new post?"

"I must get out of this," said poor Mr. Fix desperately.

"How?"

"I shall escape to-night, heaven help me."

"Leaving a leaking pile of sundered hearts," murmured Miss Bagshott.

"Maybe. But I'll still have my reason."

"When do we start? I'm afraid my reason has gone but I'd like to salvage what's left."

"You don't start, Miss Bagshott."

"Jill."

"No good getting friendly either."

"As you like. In that case I'm afraid I must tell Madame de Ruffec about your plan." The dance came to an end. Miss Bagshott smiled dangerously and left him.

"Wait," said Mr. Fix.

"Yes?" She spoke over her shoulder.

"Have you a class now?"

"No, Mr. Fix."

"Then if you could walk back to my rooms with me we could talk it over."

"All right. I'll just change my shoes first."

As she left a voice croaked in his ear. "Ah, M'sieu Fix, you were *formidable*!" He turned about. (*Continued on page* 58)

UNDER the battery of many pairs of adoring eyes, Mr. Fix flushed and reached a hand to smooth his unruly hair

10,000,000 Medals

By Guy Livingston

THREE years after the cease fire, the special medals awarded for the Second World War are ready for distribution. To each one of the millions who were mobilized in the defence or fighting forces between 1939 and 1945 will go, according to their service, one or more of the eight stars, the Defence Medal and the War Medal. It is the biggest hand-out of war decorations this country has known.

The mass-award of medals to civilians for war service—it has never happened before—is a recognition that the late war brought to the home front dangers hitherto reserved for the battle-field. But it is not so long ago that the rank-and-file of fighting soldiers themselves won their first decorations.

Before the end of the Napoleonic Wars the only instance of an official campaign award to all ranks was the Commonwealth Medal authorized after the Battle of Dunbar in 1650, when Cromwell defeated the Scots. Several campaign medals were issued by the East India Company in the late eighteenth century, but officialdom still lagged behind in decorating non-commissioned fighting men. This neglect, in the case of the battles of the Nile (1798) and Trafalgar (1805), so irritated two patriotic citizens—Nelson's prize agent and a Birmingham engineer—that they actually produced and circulated medals to mark these victories themselves.

The design by E. Carter Preston and approved by H.M. The King for the War Medal 1939–45. It was struck at the Royal Mint and is being manufactured at Royal Ordnance factories in cupro-nickel alloy

IT was the Waterloo Medal, issued at the Duke of Wellington's suggestion, that really started the tradition of national war medals for officers and men alike. With the addition of the China Medal (1840–42) and the Jalalabad Medal (1842) such awards became a fixed custom. But these democratic decorations, though they satisfied many campaigners, caused protests among the rankers whose officers had qualified for the Army gold medals instituted in 1810 to commemorate the Peninsular War victories. To regularize the position, authority produced the Army General Service Medal in 1847, and in the same way the Navy General Service Medal was issued for the naval operations from 1793 to 1840.

From then onwards, right through the Victorian era, medals were struck for the red-coated veterans of the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, and the Egyptian and Indian campaigns. And for the "Old Contemptibles" and men of Kitchener's Army in the first World War were created a special series of awards starting with the 1914 Star.

Just four hundred years before Lord Robert's famous march from Kabul to Kandahar in 1880, which was commemorated by the Roberts Star, one John Kendal had the distinction of being the first Englishman to win a war medal. Prior of the English Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, Kendal was decorated for his bravery in relieving the island of Rhodes from siege by the Turks.

Yet no medal for national war service was created for another century. When it came, on the order of Queen Elizabeth, it was for a notable occasion—the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. James I authorized a naval medal too, and in 1643 Charles I ordered the issue of certain "Badges of Silver" for meritorious military service.

Besides the Dunbar Medal, already mentioned, naval and military decorations were awarded to officers under the Commonwealth. And the defeat of van Tromp in 1653 was celebrated by the presentation of handsome medals to Blake and the other naval commanders.

THE GEORGE CROSS

This is worn before all decorations except the V.C. The cross is intended primarily for civilians and awards to the fighting Services are confined to actions for which purely military honours are not normally granted. It is awarded only for acts of the greatest heroism or of the most conspicuous courage in circumstances of extreme danger

But for other ranks awards for individual gallantry or distinguished service, apart from occasional isolated decorations for particular engagements, were slow in coming. The first step in this direction was the Meritorious Service Medal of 1845, for sergeants only. Then, in 1854, at the beginning of the Crimean War, the Distinguished Conduct Medal was instituted for all non-commissioned men, followed shortly afterwards by the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal for sailors; and three years later, coinciding almost exactly with the signing of the peace treaty, the highest award of all, the Victoria Cross, was created.

THE ordinary fighting man had waited long for such an honour, and the simple Maltese cross of bronze that bore the inscription "For Valour" captured the public imagination. The institution of the cross was announced in February, 1856, in the *London Gazette*, and some of the first recipients were decorated by Queen Victoria herself at a Hyde Park parade in the following year. The sixty-one on whose tunics she pinned the medal gave every evidence that this was an award bestowed without regard to rank, for they (*Continued on page* 58)

THE DEFENCE MEDAL

Now under production in immense numbers at the Royal Mint. This medal is the award of nearly all Servicemen, Home Guards and Civil Defence Workers during the Second World War

Raleigh's Secret Wooing

Bessie thought of the perils her husband would encounter, for legend told of Indians with poisoned arrows, serpents, wild beasts, fierce storms and Amazon warrior women

The Story Of A Courtship Which, Through Queen Elizabeth's Jealousy, Had A Stormy Passage

Illustrations by
JACK MATTHEW

ONE of the many women who found to her cost that there are penalties attached to greatness was Elizabeth Throgmorton, Queen Elizabeth's maid of honour. The life of her father, Sir Nicholas, had been ill-starred. True, he served Henry VIII., and Elizabeth as Chamberlain of the Exchequer and Ambassador at Paris, but implication in Wyatt's rebellion landed him in the Tower—though at his trial he was acquitted—and an intrigue to marry Mary of Scotland to the Duke of Norfolk brought him into disgrace.

So she knew something of what the imperious Queen's displeasure meant, and perhaps felt the dark hand of fate as well as the thrilling touch of romance when the handsome Sir Walter Raleigh fell in love with her and wooed her secretly at Court. Wouldn't she be jealous of her favourite—the Queen who was to say, in bitterness of heart: "And in the end this shall be for me sufficient, that a marble stone shall declare that a Queen, having reigned such a time, lived and died a virgin"? This hero of the Spanish Main, the Armada defence, the voyages to Virginia—this gallant who had spread his cloak in the mud for her Majesty to walk upon—would she be happy seeing him trailing his cloak in all seriousness for one of her maids of honour?

She was so disturbed that she sent Bessie Throgmorton packing, and Raleigh, equally disturbed, was moved to write his rival at Court, Robert Cecil, repudiating any talk of marriage. "If any such things were, I would have imparted it to yourself before any man living; and therefore I pray believe it not; and I beseech you to suppress what you can, any such malicious report." A contemporary wrote wittily of the affair: "All is alarm and confusion at this discovery of the discoverer, and not indeed of a new continent, but of a new incontinent."

WHEN the Queen heard that they had indeed secretly married, she was furious. The queenly mask fell from her, disclosing the affronted, enraged, embittered woman who could not abandon herself to love as the least of her subjects could. A honeymoon? Yes, in the Tower. Let the pair of lovebirds know what it is to be caged in their finest hour. . . .

The Lady Raleigh who gazes from a portrait in the Knole collection is no smiling beauty. Good, resolute features indicating a strong character; sad eyes under a clever brow and dark hair. That was the woman who faced eclipse for her husband at the outset of their marriage and long, anxious separations

—JACK MATTHEW—

culminating in tragedy during the rest of it. Yet both remained staunch: he would never abandon her, as the Earl of Essex did his wife, in order to soften the Queen's wrath and climb back into her favours.

Respite came when he was sent down to Devon as the only man who could settle the disputes raging about the disposal of the *Madre de Dios* prize cargo—to the Queen's profit. Free again? "No, I am still the Queen of England's poor captive," he said. But at least Sherborne, the lovely Dorset manor she had given him, was better than the Tower, even though it meant exile from Court. Bessie had a brief year or two's happiness with him there, taming a restless spirit which chafed at inactivity, then—in 1594—she had to meet another menace to her peace of mind: the expedition to Guiana, the Orinoco country now covered by Venezuela, in quest of Inca and other treasures.

This, with the Queen's sanction, would be Raleigh's great come-back. But Bessie—now the mother of an infant son—thought first of the perils, for legend told of Indians with poisoned arrows, serpents, wild beasts, fierce storms, Amazon warrior women, even tribes of mythical creatures with heads sprouting from breasts and one Cyclopean eye. She petitioned Cecil to dissuade him from embarking on such a dangerous mission, but in vain. In February 1595, he set sail for El Dorado with five small vessels suitable for coastal and river navigation.

A sad farewell. Lonely day at Sherborne with her child, waiting for she knew not what dire tidings. Then his

Sir Walter Raleigh setting out to sail from Plymouth to singe the Spaniard's beard. A noble pageant it made, with flags, pennons, buntings and the cheering crowds thronging the harbour

return from a venture which yielded only disappointment and stirred no public enthusiasm. But all too soon he was agog again with a new one : the projected attack on Cadiz. Again Bessie was alone while Raleigh stumped the Thames-side taverns, press-ganging for crews.

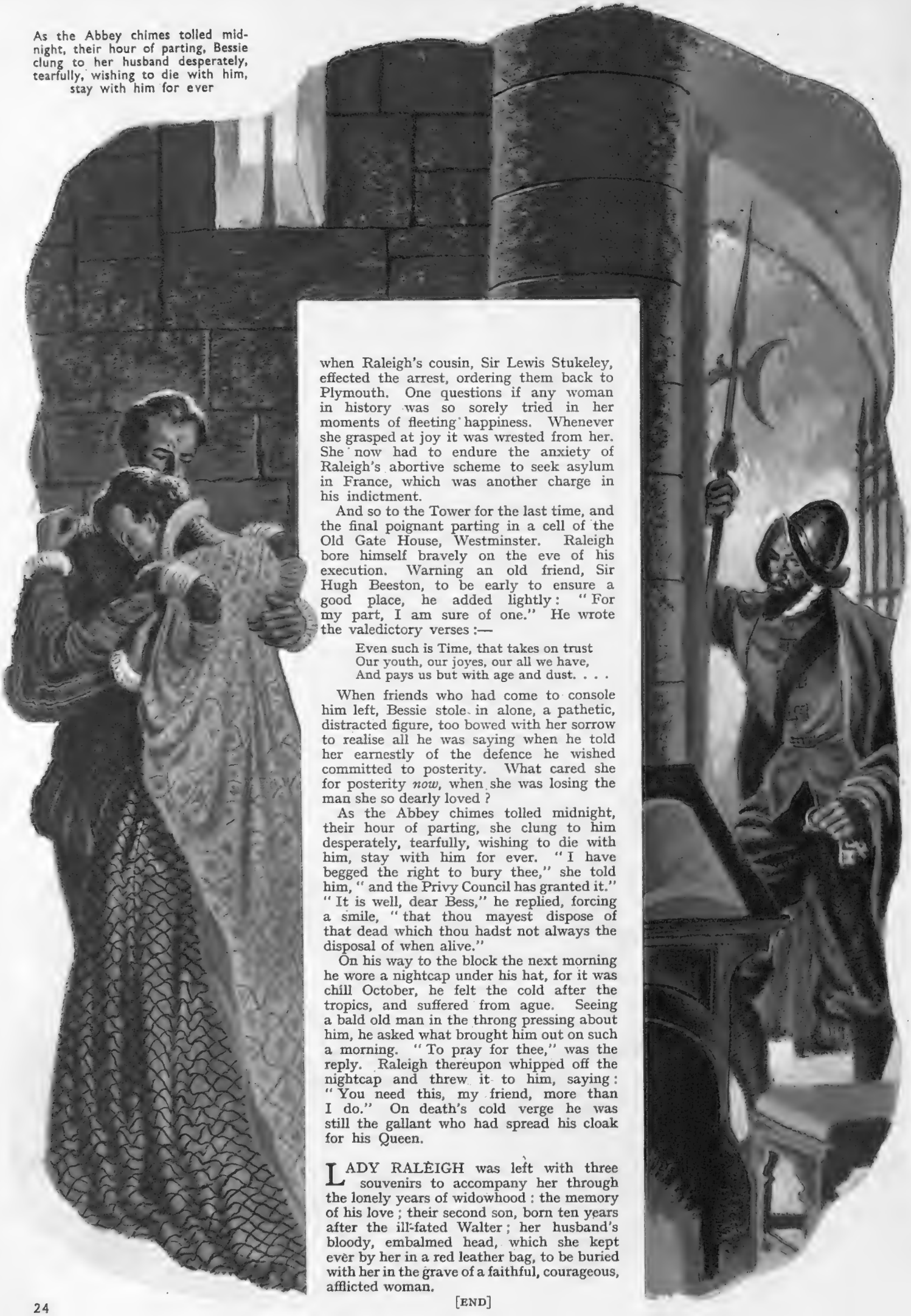
IN June 1596, came another leave-taking when nearly 150 sail set out from Plymouth to singe the Spaniard's beard—Howard's flagship, *Ark Royal, Repulse, Merhonour,* Raleigh in the *Warspite.* A noble pageant it must have made, with its flags, pennons, buntings and the cheering crowds thronging the harbour. But to the woman left behind ? Just another separation in a life doomed to them. What mattered it to her that in this successful action her man won renown ? Always his glory would be at the cost of her loneliness—and his fall, too.

The tragic fall came after James's accession, when he was first treated with coldness and suspicion, then committed to the Tower on a charge of treason, to languish there for thirteen years. The only time Bessie railed against her lot was when James deprived them of their precious Sherborne. She begged the King on her knees not to inflict this injustice, which would rob her son of his inheritance, but he replied coldly : " I maun have the land, I maun have it for Carr " ; and it passed to the worthless favourite who became Earl of Somerset.

During Raleigh's long imprisonment he tended his affairs, trying to save from the wreck what she could, and regularly drove to the Tower in her coach to visit him. On his release on a windy March day in 1616, she embraced him fondly, then took him in her coach to a modest house in the City which was now their home. But still there was no peace for her. He was under orders to sail again for Guiana, watched by a keeper; forbidden to show himself at public functions or entertainments.

Was it an omen to her that the ship in which he set out on this last quest—hopeless from the start—was named *Destiny* ? Their son Walter fell leading an attack on the Spaniards, and a heart-broken father had to write her : " God knows, I never knew what sorrow meant until now . . . comfort your heart, dearest Bess, I shall sorrow for us both."

On his return from two-and-a-half years' freedom he was again arrested so that James might appease the Spaniards for the expedition's ruthless attack on St. Thomas. Bessie had met him at Plymouth, and they were on the road to London with a friend, Captain King,



As the Abbey chimes tolled midnight, their hour of parting, Bessie clung to her husband desperately, tearfully, wishing to die with him, stay with him for ever

when Raleigh's cousin, Sir Lewis Stukeley, effected the arrest, ordering them back to Plymouth. One questions if any woman in history was so sorely tried in her moments of fleeting happiness. Whenever she grasped at joy it was wrested from her. She now had to endure the anxiety of Raleigh's abortive scheme to seek asylum in France, which was another charge in his indictment.

And so to the Tower for the last time, and the final poignant parting in a cell of the Old Gate House, Westminster. Raleigh bore himself bravely on the eve of his execution. Warning an old friend, Sir Hugh Beeston, to be early to ensure a good place, he added lightly: "For my part, I am sure of one." He wrote the valedictory verses :—

> Even such is Time, that takes on trust
> Our youth, our joyes, our all we have,
> And pays us but with age and dust. . . .

When friends who had come to console him left, Bessie stole in alone, a pathetic, distracted figure, too bowed with her sorrow to realise all he was saying when he told her earnestly of the defence he wished committed to posterity. What cared she for posterity *now*, when she was losing the man she so dearly loved ?

As the Abbey chimes tolled midnight, their hour of parting, she clung to him desperately, tearfully, wishing to die with him, stay with him for ever. "I have begged the right to bury thee," she told him, "and the Privy Council has granted it." "It is well, dear Bess," he replied, forcing a smile, "that thou mayest dispose of that dead which thou hadst not always the disposal of when alive."

On his way to the block the next morning he wore a nightcap under his hat, for it was chill October, he felt the cold after the tropics, and suffered from ague. Seeing a bald old man in the throng pressing about him, he asked what brought him out on such a morning. "To pray for thee," was the reply. Raleigh thereupon whipped off the nightcap and threw it to him, saying: "You need this, my friend, more than I do." On death's cold verge he was still the gallant who had spread his cloak for his Queen.

LADY RALEIGH was left with three souvenirs to accompany her through the lonely years of widowhood : the memory of his love ; their second son, born ten years after the ill-fated Walter ; her husband's bloody, embalmed head, which she kept ever by her in a red leather bag, to be buried with her in the grave of a faithful, courageous, afflicted woman.

[END]

A view of the southern end of Lundy Island, showing Mouse Island, Rat Island, Hell's Gate and the South Lundy Lighthouse

We Lived On Lundy

By Richard Perry

F you stand on the high cliffs of Baggy Point in North Devon and look out to sea you may be able to make out a grey blur on the orizon. That is Lundy : Isle of Puffins. To the people of Iceland id Faero and Scandinavia a puffin is a *lunde* or *lundi*. A thousand ears ago and more, the ancestors of those northern peoples, the eat sailor-pirates the vikings, came sailing own the west coast of Britain in their long-oats and landed on that great block of cliff the Atlantic. When they saw the multi-ides of puffins on its grassy cliff-sides, they amed the island after that comical little sea ird they knew so well on their own coasts nd islands.

It was on a morning towards the end of arch that my wife and I flew out to Lundy om Chivenor airport. For twenty minutes e plane dodged in and out of the cloud stles in the blue sky. Then it put down its se to a 400-foot wall of cliff, which came ooping up to meet us. Swaying down over huddle of grey farm buildings and a square-owered church, the plane banked round a ll lighthouse on the top of the island, sped w over a stone dyke, and came to rest on a ugh sheep pasture, which was white with ills and a few black dots of crows.

We stepped out into he clean cold air of n Atlantic wind blow-ng across the flat top of he island. This was to be our home for the next five months, with eleven miles of stormy a between us and the nearest point of main-land. At the foot of that tall lighthouse, whose lantern was 570 feet above the breakers pounding and booming on the cliffs below, was an old lighthouse-keeper's cottage. Its roof leaked and its chimney smoked; its walls were crumbling; icy draughts swept over its bare floors; but this would be our dwelling-place, while I studied the daily life of the thousands of sea-birds that nested on the cliffs and grassy slopes at the north end of the island.

The old lighthouse was no longer in use. By erecting it on the highest point of the island, the engineers had placed its lantern in the main zone of low cloud, thus concealing its light from ships at sea. Now, instead, there was a lighthouse on the low cliffs at either end of the island. On foggy days, when the mists came swirling into the windows of our eyrie,

(*Continued on page* 66)

(*Above*) Millcombe, the residence of the owner of Lundy Island

(*On left*) The old derelict lighthouse. It was erected on the highest point of the island, the lantern being 570 feet above the breakers pounding and booming on the cliffs below, and in the main zone of low cloud, thus concealing its light from ships at sea

(*Below*) Razorbills and puffins on the cliffs of Lundy Island. The puffin is Lundy's own bird and lives in colonies of thousands on the Island

In A St. Edmundsbury Cloister

A Drama Of Medieval Days

By Nora Lofts

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

". . . had half turned back to his work when his eye was caught and arrested by the appearance of this man. . . ."

THE howling mob of townsfolk brought the man accused of witchcraft to the Great Gate of the Abbey. Brother Boniface, up on the scaffolding above the entrance, halted the chisel with which he was working upon the effigy of Saint Edmund and looked down upon the crowd a trifle sourly. It was always the same tale; the burgesses and common people of the town were always at loggerheads with the Abbot; only three years ago they had burned this very gateway; but as soon as they were in any kind of trouble where did they turn for help?

"Go to the East Gate," he called down scornfully. "This is still closed." He added "Thanks to you," under his breath, and had half turned back to his work when his eye was caught and arrested by the appearance of the man who, with his hands roped behind his back, was being dragged and thrust along in the centre of the crowd.

Brother Boniface knew all about him. It was some months since the first rumours of witchcraft had run through the town and reached the Abbey, evoking some slight interest because they were not concerned with some doddering, half witted old woman with a cat who was a familiar and had a habit of turning herself into a hare by night; the person accused this time was a man, a young man, and even in the most circumstantial stories of his evil doings—and some of them were very circumstantial indeed—there was a noticeable lack of any hint of method. Before the Abbot, a tolerant and in part rather sceptical man, had consented to consider the matter seriously, six separate incidents, three of them attended by fatal results, had been reported, but in none of them had the accusers given any hint of how the evil spells had been worked. None of the usual trappings of witchcraft had been found in the young man's house, or upon his person, and, by the same token, none of the usual antidotes had served those to whom he had wished evil. At the first complaint and request for trial the Abbot had said, "nonsense," at the second, "superstition," at the third "coincidence": the fourth case he had investigated rather closely and said nothing; when the fifth incident occurred he had murmured something about "completely abstract evil," and after the sixth, "bring him in and we'll see."

Now Brother Boniface looked down upon the face of the worker of completely abstract evil and wondered. The man looked, to the casual glance, harmless enough. He was deathly pale—as who would not be in his place—and his face bore evidence of ill-usage. Boniface had just decided that, guilty or not, he was pitiable, for if he were not guilty he was suffering injustice and if guilty had lost his soul to the enemy of mankind, when the man, as though conscious of a gaze that was neither malevolent nor accusing, looked up.

For a moment he stared into the eyes of the monk upon the scaffold and then, with a slight shudder, Boniface turned away. He lifted his chisel and began to work away at the fold in St. Edmund's robe, but his hands were shaking and he was obliged to halt. It was as though he, and he alone, knew about Sebastien and me, he thought, as though he understood, sensed my feelings, and sympathized.

The thought horrified him. He tried to shake it off. He turned and faced his work squarely, assessing what was yet to be done to the statue, reckoning the days and weeks and months of labour to be endured before the thing was finished. Then, when that practical method of mental stabilizing failed, he muttered a short prayer for his soul, self imperilled. But it was all in vain. The thoughts which, every morning he tried to put from him as he climbed the ladder to his appointed task, came thronging about him, fanged and venomous and at last he gave himself over to them.

It had started some months previously. Old Father Ambrose, the best penman

in the Abbey, had died, leaving his life-work, the copying of the Cambrai Gospel of St. John, unfinished. There were two monks capable and willing to take on the task, Brother Boniface and Brother Sebastien. Boniface was the elder in years and had been longer in this community, and ordinarily the Abbot, after comparing specimens of the two men's penmanship, would have given him the coveted task; but he had remembered that beside the manuscript there was the gateway to be considered; and Brother Sebastien was no sculptor. Unaware of the repercussions likely to result from his decision the tolerant, reasonable Abbot had laid the task of finishing the copy of the Gospel upon Brother Sebastien's shoulders and bidden Boniface continue his carving.

To Boniface's thwarted ambition was added the bitterness of the frustrated artist. He was skilful in stone work, but it was a medium which roused no passion in him. He yearned for the warmth and colour of the illuminated manuscript. The figures upon which he worked were almost six feet high and, intended to be viewed from a distance, could not be treated with the particular delicacy for which he longed. As the year grew colder the thought of Sebastien, tucked away in the sunny South Cell, with a little charcoal stove to keep his fingers supple and with the birds and leaves and flowers of the painted borders to gladden his eyes, grew to be torture. He reached the point where the sight of Sebastien in church or refectory, or moving, already absorbed, towards his work, could swell his head with a rush of blood that was like a prelude to murder. Aware of his danger he had fasted and prayed and done self-imposed penances; but he had never mentioned the matter to anyone or given an outward sign of his spiritual malaise. And now, suddenly, this wretch, accused of unspeakable things, had looked upward and seemed to understand.

And after the howling, pushing crowd had disappeared in the direction of the East Gate, Brother Boniface, left with shaken soul and trembling hands upon his scaffold, thought: he has some power; if *he* hated anyone as I hate Sebastien *he* could destroy him.

He was appalled anew by that thought, and by the admission of hatred. But he could not shake himself free. For four days and four nights he struggled and then as though some power outside himself were directing his actions, he found himself, one night at midnight, letting himself into the cell where the accused wretch awaited trial.

It was nearly Christmas time and very cold. The cell was underground, damp, foetid, bitterly chill. But the man lay warm in a deep heap of straw. The straw rustled, and a chain clanked as he moved and asked, "Is it morning already?"

"No. Night still. I have come to talk to you."

There was a little silence. Boniface knew that the man crouched, tense, defensive.

"It were well," said Boniface gently, "that you should confess before the trial. I am here for the purpose of hearing you."

"I have nothing to confess, Father," said the man, equally gently. "I am innocent of that I am accused of. I swear I have had no traffic with the devil and have no knowledge of the black arts."

"It is a pity that you should be so obdurate. Trial by ordeal awaits you. You know that? You know what it means?"

The man sighed. "They will plunge my hands into boiling water and if at the end of seven days the blisters are not healed they will hold me guilty and I shall die—horribly. An innocent babe so scalded would bear a mark after seven days. What hope have I?"

Such resignation, such lack of panic could only result from a sublime trust in some superior power. As he thought thus Boniface was conscious of a thrill of excitement unlike anything he had ever known before. He said in an even softer voice,

"Or it might be a hot iron to be carried three paces, or heated stones to be walked over." He paused for a moment, then added in a voice so small as to be a whisper: "There a friend might stand you in good stead. A friend might see that neither water, nor iron, nor stones were hot enough to hurt. A friend might bring you an unguent unequalled in healing. Failing all else a friend might open this door, as I have opened it to-night."

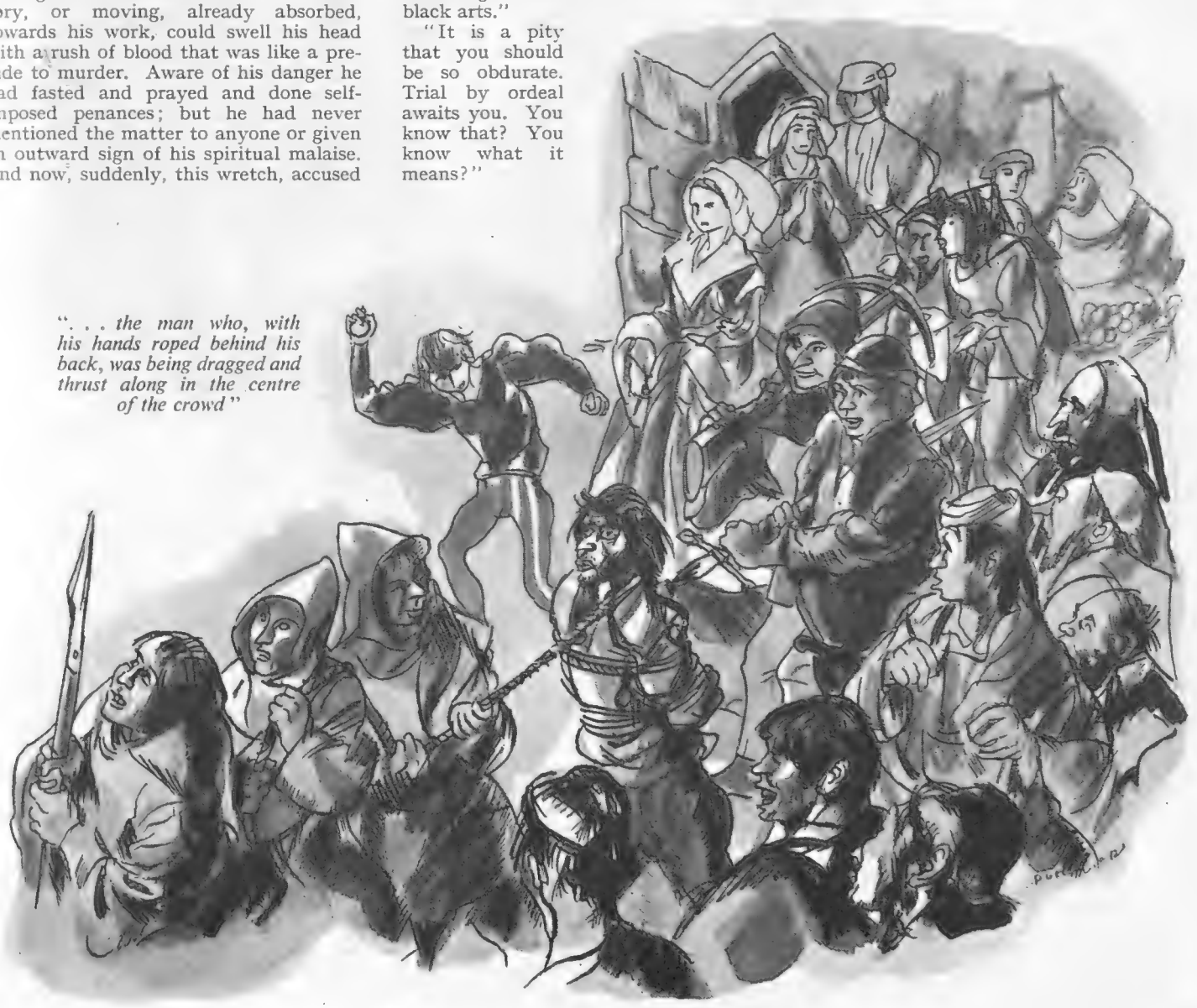
"And you would be such a friend?"

"For a price."

"Ah! Monks and money! But I am a poor man. I have nothing."

"I do not ask money. I am a seeker after knowledge. Tell me the truth and you shall go from here unscathed. What did you do to bring about the downfall of your enemies."

A strange sound came out of the darkness, it might have been a laugh or a



". . . the man who, with his hands roped behind his back, was being dragged and thrust along in the centre of the crowd"

strangled cry of horror. Yet the man's voice was as calm as ever as he replied,

"I have said, and I repeat, that I have done nothing. Peter Jankyn died from a dish of poisoned eels, Smith Slipshoe fell into a ditch when he was drunk, John Bowyer cut his own foot with his own axe. Am I a worker of miracles?"

"I cannot say," said Boniface coldly. "I perceive that you are an obstinate fellow. If you are also innocent the trials will prove it to the world. I wish you good night." He laid his hand on the door, fumbling for the catch. It yielded and the hinges squealed.

"Wait!"

"Well?"

"Mind, I confess nothing. The possession of knowledge—as you will understand presently—does not prove that one has used it guiltily. Swear by the cross on your breast to stand between me and the ordeal and I will tell you how such things are done."

"I swear."

"Come closer then and listen." Was it fancy or did the cell become even colder; chill and heavy with evil.

Speaking in a low, hasty voice the chained man hissed his instructions. "They say that if you make a little image—any substance will do—and then name it. . . ." He gabbled out a wicked travesty of the Baptismal service. "Then wish your evil and say the curse thus. . . ." Boniface shuddered as he recognized the implication of the debased Latin phrases. "That is what they say, but I cannot know. I have never practised."

"And that is all?"

"All. Except . . . bend lower, come closer."

Wondering what final crowning horror he was to hear, Boniface stooped, and found his face seized between two clammy cold-sweating hands which for a moment explored his features. Then he jerked his head free and said furiously, "What are you about?"

"Learning to know my friend," said the man calmly. "I shall pray for you."

"Save your prayers for yourself," said Boniface angrily. He made swiftly for the door, locked it behind him and replaced the key.

"WONDERING what final crowning horror he was to hear, Boniface stooped and found his face seized between two clammy, cold-sweating hands . . ."

ONCE or twice during the ensuing week Sebastien was conscious of Boniface's eyes upon him. His old friend seemed to be regarding him inquiringly, and it occurred to him that perhaps Boniface might be regretting the coldness which had lately, for no known reason, sprung up between them. He ventured an overture of friendship.

"Spare a moment and come and see my work. So many who write as though with a shovel have praised it. I would welcome the opinion of one who can himself write as well, or better."

"Another time," said Boniface hastily. "When my Saint Edmund is done I will look at your manuscript."

"And I at your statue," said Sebastien.

Boniface had a moment's happy vision of Sebastien with his hand bandaged, looking at the statue of St. Edmund while he, Boniface, sat in the little sunny South Cell, warmed by the charcoal stove, pens and ink and colours and brushes spread upon the table and beneath his hand the flowery border growing, the lines of the writing running out straight and clear. There was no reason why Sebastien should not *see* the statue. He meant him no final ill, just enough to ensure that he would not work on the manuscript again.

Saint Edmund, up in his high place, his body pierced by arrows, his crown upon his head, now wore a calm, remote expression, very similar to the one which rested upon Brother Sebastien's face as he walked along the cloister already thinking about his work. And upon the royal, saintly chin there was a little mark, similar to the scar left upon the chin of Brother Sebastien by an abscess which had burst and healed badly. And one evening just when the winter sunset was reddening the sky and it was time for the sculptor to climb down from his scaffold and put his tools away, Brother Boniface turned to the statue and whispered the debased formula of Baptism, and drew his chisel three times across the right hand of the image, and gasped out the incantation of evil, while in the chill evening air the sweat poured down his face. Then he climbed down and left the gateway to silence and the porter.

NEXT morning Brother Sebastien, preparing his quill for the morning's work, found that his pen-knife was blunt. He took it to the step of the cell and rubbed it briskly across the smooth-trodden stone. (*Continued on page* 61)

Part of the Pony Express Museum is this old livery stable, once the office of the Angels-Stockton Stage. Wooden horses have suppanted the live horses of seventy-eight years ago *On left:* The entrance to the Pony Express Museum, a replica of the station and general store at Sonoma, California as it looked in 1850

Colonel B. H. Yellison is the official host of the Pony Express Museum, and his personality adds greatly to the atmosphere of the old Wild West

This unique bar, found in the basement of a saloon run by a justice of the peace was one of Mr. W. Parker Lyon's earliest acquisitions for the Pony Express Museum. Note the many amusing posters

Gold worth £5 was panned from the suction machinery of an old fire engine acquired for the museum from a ghost town

The Pony Express Museum

Relics Of The Wild West Preserved In California

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

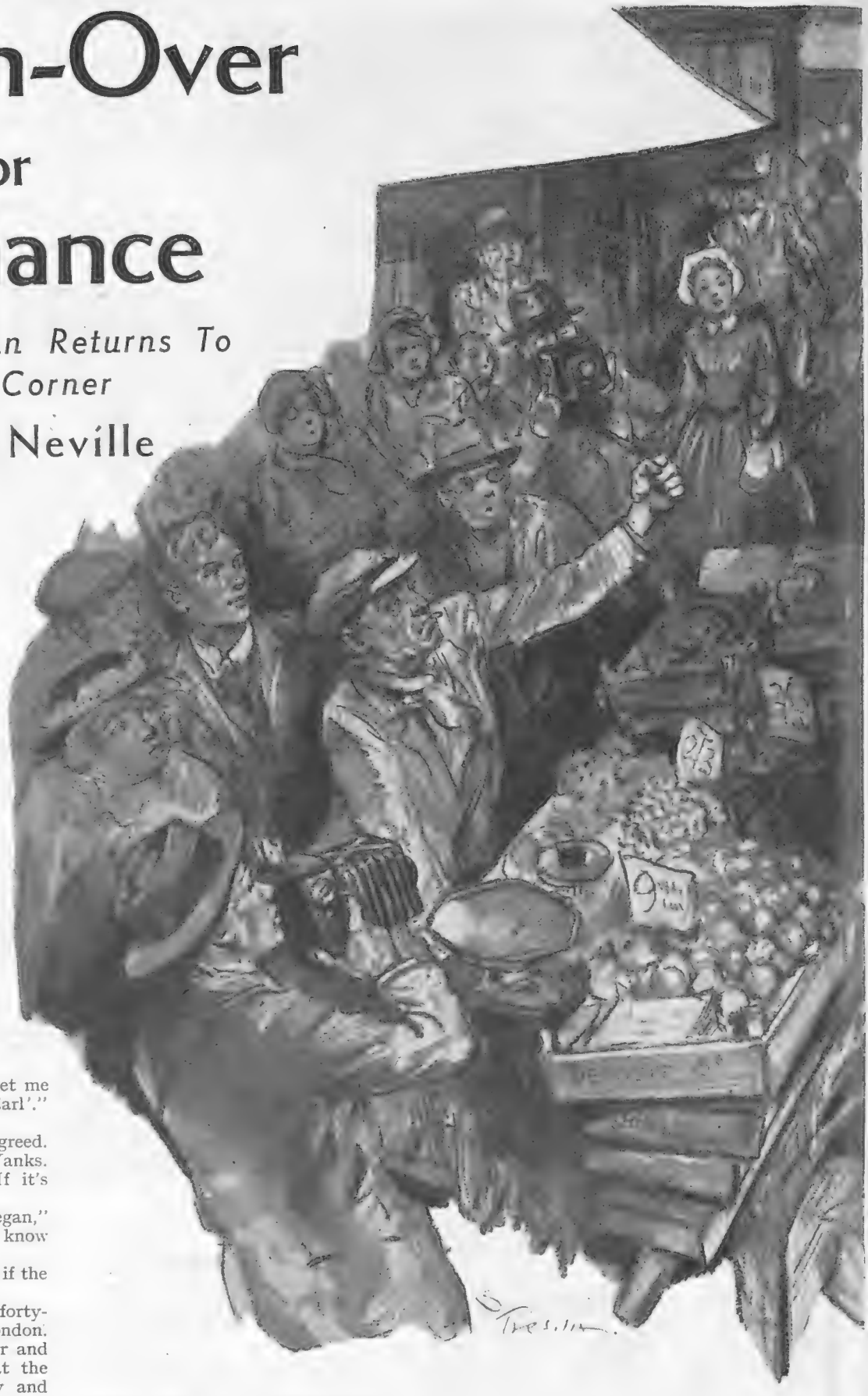
A WELL-MADE Wild West film is still as sure a winner as in the old silent movie days, and is equally certain to make money in the West End of London as in the outlying suburbs and provincial towns. A Wild West background and atmosphere adds romance to adventure, a combination which is none too easy to find in the world to-day. So to every lover of this colourful period of American history, the Pony Express Museum in Arcadia, California, is a veritable gold mine of breathless action.

This unique museum is the only one of its kind in the world. Here is housed a most amazing collection of items associated with the gold rush periods of the American continent. It is certainly (*Continued on page* 56)

A Push-Over for Romance

Texas Earl Regan Returns To Rainbow Corner

By Philip Neville



JILL HOWES was taking one last look in the mirror when Sonia Marsh came back to the room (large-double, h. and c., suit two business ladies).

"I told the boy to wait," Sonia said, handing Jill the telegram.

Jill read it. "I just don't believe it," she exclaimed.

"You're not meant to," Sonia said. "When they break a date by wire they're past caring."

"But this is *making* a date. For to-night."

Sonia tapped on the window and waved the telegraph boy good-bye. "You're not as unattractive as all that," she said, glancing critically at Jill's new spring coat and off-the-face hat. "Fair hair, brown eyes. Better than average ankles. Why don't you believe it?"

Jill re-read the telegram. "Is this autumn, nineteen forty-five, or isn't it?"

"Without looking at a calendar and strictly off the record I'd say it's spring, forty-eight." Sonia said. "Let's not talk riddles. Let's read wires." She took the telegram and read it aloud. "'Meet me six to-night Rainbow Corner. Earl'."

"You see." Jill exclaimed.

"Sounds phoney," Sonia agreed. "Rainbow Corner went with the Yanks. Who's this character Earl of? If it's Edinburgh, he's already married."

"It's a Christian name. Earl Regan," Jill explained. "A G.I. I used to know when I was in the Wrens."

"Where's the fun sharing a room if the other girl's secretive," Sonia said.

"It was ages ago. In nineteen forty-five. We were both stationed in London. And we'd meet at Rainbow Corner and go dancing." Jill's eyes shone at the memory. "Earl was always gay and exciting."

"If it makes me late for the office I'll diagnose the case," Sonia said. "So you've been in love with this Earl for nearly three years. And here's me, first out every morning. And never seen a letter for you with an American stamp on the hall table. Secretive's the word."

"There never have been any letters," Jill exclaimed, "That was the trouble. We both lost touch when we were demobilized. Anyway, I never said I was in love with Earl."

"And suddenly it's spring and there's a wire from Earl." Sonia looked at Jill suspiciously. "How did he discover your address?"

Jill smiled tenderly. "I can see how it's all happened. He waited till he made good. Then he asked Truman to write to Winston Churchill and find out where I lived." She sighed. "He was that sort of a G.I."

"They all were," Sonia said, with a far-away reminiscent look in her eye.

"It's all so romantic. Not calling for me here. But arranging a meeting again at our old rendezvous." Jill smiled tenderly at the hyacinth in its flower pot.

"You're a push-over for romance," Sonia said. "He probably still thinks you're in the Wrens."

Jill looked at herself in the long mirror. "He'll be heart-broken when he finds there's no Rainbow Club any more." She shook her head at the reflection of herself in the mirror. "I won't have all his romantic illusions shattered."

"Just so's he won't commit suicide," Sonia said, yawning. "What do you

IT was only when Lone Star plunged over a fruit barrow and she again embraced Earl madly that she realized the face was Tom's

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

propose doing to keep him starry-eyed?"

Jill said thoughtfully. "He's got to find me waiting at Rainbow Corner just like I used to look." She smiled quickly. "I know. I'll wear my blue two-piece and that old hat that looks like a Wren's."

"I hate to trample on the primroses," Sonia said, from the door. "But there's a boy called Tom Kennedy who thinks you rather sweet."

Behind her typewriter in the general office of Mitchell Engineering, Jill sorted everything out. At thirty-two and secretary to a solicitor who specialized in divorce, Sonia couldn't be expected to have a romantic outlook on life. But at twenty-two and a bored copy-typist you needed a whiff of romance occasionally.

A shaft of spring sunshine patterned the floor. Jill felt breathless and excited as she always had before meeting Earl.

At her elbow a voice said, "Main entrance to-night, five-thirty. We'll go to a flick." She looked up as Tom Kennedy went quickly through the general office. He had on the white overall he always wore at his work in the research laboratories. She knew that underneath there'd be brown sports jacket and grey flannels. She'd never seen him in anything else. At the swing doors he turned and grinned back at her.

What does a girl do? After typing that sentence into three letters to steel firms who couldn't be expected to care less she gave her own problem her best attention.

It was only to be a whiff of romance. And she owed *that* to Earl. She thought with tenderness of how he'd probably been saving all this time for a trip back to England to see her. In his imagination, she knew, he'd always seen her standing waiting for him at Rainbow Corner. And what understanding of a girl's heart to arrange a re-union where they'd first met. She couldn't imagine Tom doing anything as romantic. He was very English.

After lunch she phoned Tom. "About to-night," she said, fingers crossed, "I'm terribly sorry. But a friend from my Wren days has turned up."

"Of course, Jill dear," Tom sounded trusting and pleased for her sake. "It'll be grand meeting one of the old mob again. Have a good time, both of you."

Jill breathed a "damn" as she put down the receiver. It really was infuriating having the other person do your lying for you. Particularly when you've purposely not told a lie.

She supposed that it was Tom's irritating habit of always doing what he imagined would please her that had made her no more than vaguely fond of him. He was unexciting. With Earl, she remembered, life was a whirl of not knowing what would happen next. She wondered what his plans would be for that night. Not, she imagined, a visit to a "flick."

Rainbow Corner at six was as prosaic as though it had never known the hectic surgings of a mob of G.I.s. As she waited among the crowds eagerly scurrying towards the Tube she suddenly panicked. It would be terrible if *she* didn't recognize him in civilian clothes. To have come all that way, crossed an ocean for one gloriously romantic rendezvous with the past, and then to find the girl didn't recognize him! She could scarcely bear to think of such a tragedy as she anxiously scanned every passing male.

Such was her anxiety that she determinedly resisted an impulse to dash down the street and view the procession headed by the lone horseman. Even her romantic mood, though, could not quite still a desire that this remarkable phenomenon would come past her. She liked processions.

She was not disappointed. The lone horseman—a cowboy—headed straight for her. Sweeping off his two-gallon hat he stooped from his horse and kissed her.

"Honey," he said, as the procession, which now turned out to be sightseers, gathered round, "It's Earl."

She'd planned to put a hand on his arm when they met and murmur, breathlessly, "Oh, Earl!" A burst of cheering from the crowd now made any remark from her unnecessary. With a jingle of spurs Earl dismounted and stood with his arm about her.

SMILING tenderly she placed her meat ration gently over his eyes

"Meet Lone Star," he said, patting the horse's neck. "Lone Star, meet Jill."

Keeping well away from the pawing hoofs Jill said, "How do you do, Lone Star."

"Stand back, boys," Earl called genially to the crowd. "Give the newsreels a break."

Posed, with Lone Star's foam-flecked head between hers and Earl's, Jill wondered what it was like to be bitten by a horse. Wiping some foam from her cheek she smiled up at the newsreel cameras perched on a van.

"This is where we used to meet when the bombs were falling," Earl informed the crowd. "And you never batted an eye, did'ya, baby?"

Jill couldn't recollect that any bombs fell anywhere in the autumn of nineteen forty-five. Still, it would have been uncouth not to acknowledge the cheering.

"And now, folks," Earl addressed the crowd, "me and the gal's going to grab us some chow. So long, folks. And don't forget the name. Texas Earl Regan, from the Lone Star state."

He swung himself into the saddle, then leaned down and, lifting Jill as though she were a sack of feathers, sat her on Lone Star's haunches. "Take a hold of my waist," Earl called over his shoulder. "Now . . . a great big smile for the cameras, baby."

As he swept off his two-gallon hat and Lone Star did an equine rumba Jill ceased smiling and concentrated on Earl's waist. She clung with both hands. It was a close embrace but lacked passion.

Jill had often thought she'd like to ride. Watching the riders in the Row it had seemed a safe, simple and romantic pastime. Now, looking down on the faces that gaped up at her, it had all the frightening possibilities suggested by peering over Beachy Head. But Beachy Head did at least remain stationary. Lone Star, too, seemed to lack a sense of direction. Besides proceeding crab-wise he also favoured backing into buses.

They were going, Earl told her over his shoulder, to Colletta's, a restaurant they had often eaten at in the old days. Jill was glad to hear it. On foot Colletta's was three minutes away. Lone Star looked like making it in five.

Between bumps she registered disappointment. Their re-union had been rather more spectacular than romantic. And what conversation they'd had resembled more that between a speaker at a public meeting and a heckler than the murmured remembrances she'd anticipated. He's excited at seeing me, she assured herself, and how sweet of him to bring Lone Star all this way to meet me. And at Colletta's it would be like old times.

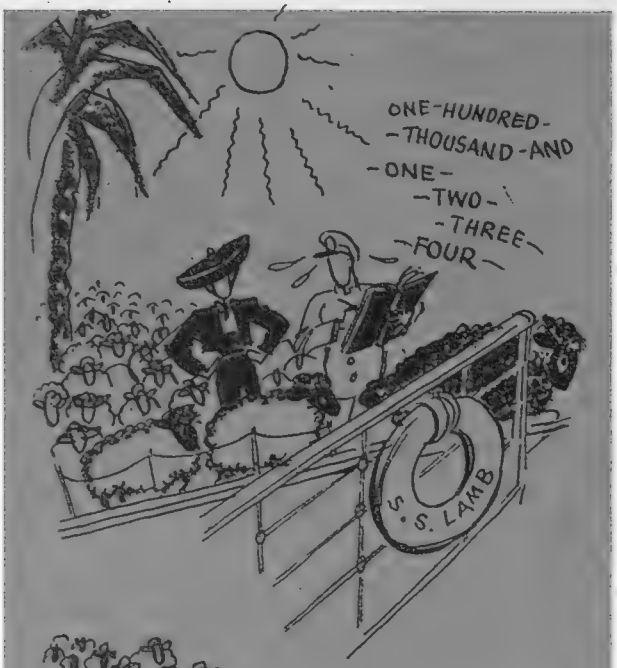
A face in the crowd that stared astonished from the pavement seemed familiar. Lone Star was doing a fancy four-step, accompanied by a hip sway that was more rhythmic than alarming. She waved her handbag at the face. If she was going to be talked about the word "nonchalance" might as well crop up. It was only when Lone Star plunged over a fruit barrow and she again embraced Earl madly that she realized the face was Tom's. (*Continued on page* 64)

"Look Pleasant, Please"

CHILD photography has come a long way from the convention of the baby on a bearskin. The family album of the future must for that reason be a more faithful and memory-provoking record than it was. These delightful photographs are from the book "Photographing Children," by W. Suschitsky (Studio Publications ; price 15s.), in which the author reveals the secrets of his own mastery in capturing the mood, the characteristic pose, the reality and the exquisite grace of infancy in pictures.

IF YOU ARE COUNTING ON SHEEP

More and more women are favouring the beaver lamb as a fur with the quality of good looks within the reach of average means. Here are some tips to help you in the tricky business of making the most expensive purchase in your winter wardrobe



LET us not go into the problem *why* every woman wants a fur coat. The fact is we do. Money being what it is, most of us picture ourselves in fabulous mink and toy with the beguiling illusion that the mink will one day materialise. In the meantime, there is the business of choosing a fur coat for *now* which has some modest claims to glamour and a price tag which leaves the breath more or less in the body.

The less costly fur coat is a purchase to make very warily. There is positively no such thing as a luxury fur, such as mink or squirrel, or Persian lamb, at a bargain price. If you are offered such a coat at lower than market price the odds are that it is an imitation; a bad fur that a reputable furrier will have none of, or, in some equally important way, unworthy of the purchase money.

CHOICE of a cheaper fur coat narrows down to beaver lamb, musquash (more costly than beaver lamb, though not in the highest-price range) and, of course, the humble rabbit, which appears in many disguises, few of which are convincing.

Beaver lamb undoubtedly leads the field, because it looks more like a luxury fur than any other of a comparable price and—if you have selected the coat with care—it has excellent qualities of endurance.

People who collect statistics tell me that, last winter, 33 per cent. of the women in this country who bought fur coats bought beaver lamb, which goes to show that a lot of women are counting on sheep to provide them with coats after their taste and in tune with their pockets.

If you think of joining the throng, it will be helpful to know how to choose a coat to the best advantage. You may be under the impression that one sheep is pretty much like another, and one beaver lamb coat pretty nearly indistinguishable from the next. But it is not so.

Sheepskins come from many parts of the world. Some are better than others, local conditions in some cases being more suitable to the growth of fine thick wool, and so on, but the best of all sheepskins for making coats come from Merino lambs.

It makes a lot of difference to the coat which ultimately emerges if the skins have been taken from healthy, well-grown animals which have been sheltered from drought and disease, and, moreover, which have started the long trek to become fur coats at precisely the right stage of development. Wool is, for instance, only suitable for conversion into *good* coats between two to five months after shearing.

WHEN you buy your coat there is nothing to prevent you asking the saleswoman for assurances on all these important points in the history of the coat with which you are tempted. Whether or not she knows the answers is another matter. One can only be safe on these points by dealing at a thoroughly reputable store and, what is even better, buying under a good branded name. This is the only safe way to spend your money.

One has to see the many processes through which the raw skins pass before they are made up into coats to appreciate the many factors which make a beaver lamb a good example of its kind or otherwise. At a factory in Somerset, I have traced sheepskins from their arrival from the ends of the earth in mountainous bales of dirty and unpromising-

PRESSING POINTS

THERE is more to pressing than a hot iron and a damp cloth. A sleeve board, a sleeve cushion about 6 in. by 4 in. made from any starch-free scrap material, and a rolling-pin or towel roller covered with blanket will help to give a professional finish to the shoulders and other inaccessible portions of the garment.

Heavy tweeds, woollens and flannel are pressed more by steam than by weight. The iron should be hot and the damping cloth free of starch or dressing. Iron with light pressure in the direction of the nap, or if the cloth is napless, with a rotary movement, lifting the damping cloth frequently to let the steam escape.

Pleats should be tacked in place before pressing, and will need pressure as well as steam for a knife-edge crease. A thick protective cloth over the damping cloth will prevent iron marks.

Pile fabrics such as velvets should never be ironed flat or the surface will bruise. Stand the iron on edge and draw the seams across its face in the direction of the face on the wrong side. Steaming will take out the creases in the surface.

Silk must be pressed carefully with a cool iron. To prevent silk facings becoming glazed, cover with alpaca or similar material and a thick woollen cloth and iron through. The alpaca will take the glaze and the facing will be well pressed. Tie-silk or silk jersey is tricky to press, but heavy pressure with a cool iron gives the best results.

With any chancy fabric, play for safety by trying out the iron on a piece of material, or if this is not available, on the inside of the hem.

looking skins, to their discharge as lustrous furs ready for the makers-up to transform into coats for you and I.

There is the initial process of selection which liscards all skins unsuitable for coats and diverts them to other uses. This is a highly skilled and most meticulous affair, and is the very basis of the omplicated process which builds up ultimately nto the beaver lamb coat of good looks and utstanding quality.

Afterwards there is washing, curing, ironing, drying, shearing, dyeing, and ironing all over again. All very, very important to the ultimate ppearance and quality of the fur.

When the time comes to consider the question f style for your new coat, bear one or two things in mind: Don't choose a three-quarter coat f you are below average height. If you re buying a full-length coat, buy one ust a little longer than the lowest hem-ine in your wardrobe. All fur coats hould be ample. Good beaver lamb is mooth and lustrous, and, unlike the long-aired furs, can be worn successfully in n ample style, even if you are not as lender as a sylph.

A brand-new dyeing process has roduced what is known as the phantom eaver lamb. This dye gives the oat light overtones, something etween grey and brown—a very attering colour to wear and some-hing a little different to give your eaver lamb distinction among the nany that are being seen around mong women whose pockets will ot stretch to the three-figure class f fur.

An ensemble of beaver lamb comes well within the range of verage pockets. A matching hat and muff give a luxury finish to he coat, and the hard-wearing qualities of the fur guarantee a sound investment. WINIFRED LEWIS.

If you are limited to one fur coat choose a simple but ample style like the Tescan beaver lamb below, which depends upon the lustre of the fur for glamour.

Lightweight Crepe Undies Set

MATERIALS : 9 hanks of Copley's "Cryscelle" ; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 13 needles ; 1 yard of ribbon ; No. 12 crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top to lower edge of vest 20 ins. ; under-arms, back and front, 17 ins. ; side seam of panties, 13 ins.

TENSION : 8 sts. to 1 in.

VEST (Back and Front alike)

With No. 10 needles cast on 121 sts. Rib 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1.

Change to the following pattern.

1st row.—K. 1, * k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—Purl.

3rd row.—K. 1, * k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1. Repeat from * to end.

4th row.—Purl.

These 4 rows form main pattern.

Continue until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

Change to No. 13 needles. Rib 3 ins., k. 1, p. 1. On the last row only dec. 1 st. in every 10th st. (omit dec. at the end of the row).

Change to No. 10 needles. Work 5 ins. in pattern. Cast off.

PANTIES

With No. 10 needles cast on 21 sts. Knit into the back of the first row. Continue in main pattern, casting on 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 12 rows, then 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 129 sts. on needle. Work 18 rows without shaping. Now dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 105 sts. remain and side seam measures 11 ins.

Change to No. 13 needles. Rib ¼-in., k. 1, p. 1.

Next row.—* Rib 4, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end. Rib 4 rows, cast off.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until the start of ribbing at the waist.

Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib. Rib 1 row. (*Continued on page 62*)

ABBREVIATIONS : *K. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. = stitch ; sts. = stitches ; dec. = decrease ; inc. = increase ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning ; s. = slip ; m. = make ; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over.*

Wool-lace Christening Robe

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. of "La Laine" Super 2-ply in white ; one pr. each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles ; 2½ yards of Baby ribbon ; No. 4 steel crochet hook.

TENSION : For No. 10 needles 11 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 134 sts. Work in Moss stitch for 1 in. Change to the following pattern.

1st row.—K. 1, * k. 1, m. 1, k. 4, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 4, m. 1. Repeat from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd and every alternate row.—Purl.

3rd row.—K. 3, * m. 1, k. 3, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 3, m. 1, k. 3. Repeat from * ending k. 2 instead of k. 3.

5th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., * m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, s. 1., k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. Repeat from * to the last 11 sts., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 3.

7th row.—K. 1, * m 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 3. Repeat from * to the last st., k. 1.

9th row.—K. 2, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to end.

10th row.—Purl.

These 10 rows form pattern. Continue until 20 ins. from the cast-on edge (ending on the 10th row of pattern). Change to No. 12 needles.

Next row.—K. 2 tog. to the end of row.

Work 2 rows Moss stitch. Make a row of holes as follows : * Moss stitch 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1. Repeat from * to end.

Work 2 rows Moss stitch. Change to No. 10 needles. Work 10 rows main pattern. (*Continued on page 62*)

The Last Clothes Of Summer

(Left.) Wolsey's Utility jersey dress with white rayon collar is made in a range of colours. Utility, price 99s. 8d. to £5 15s. 3d. in the largest size.

(Below.) An ample swing-back topcoat in soft red wool is one of the Autumn season's Utility styles. By Windsmoor. Price approx. £8 to £9.

Harella's Junior Miss suit has a black wool jacket and a tartan skirt. Price £15 7s. 6d.

Green and purple checks on a black ground make this Hershelle Botany wool jacket and skirt suit. Price £19 6s.

Particulars of where these models can be obtained will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope to The Women's Department, Britannia and Eve, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.*

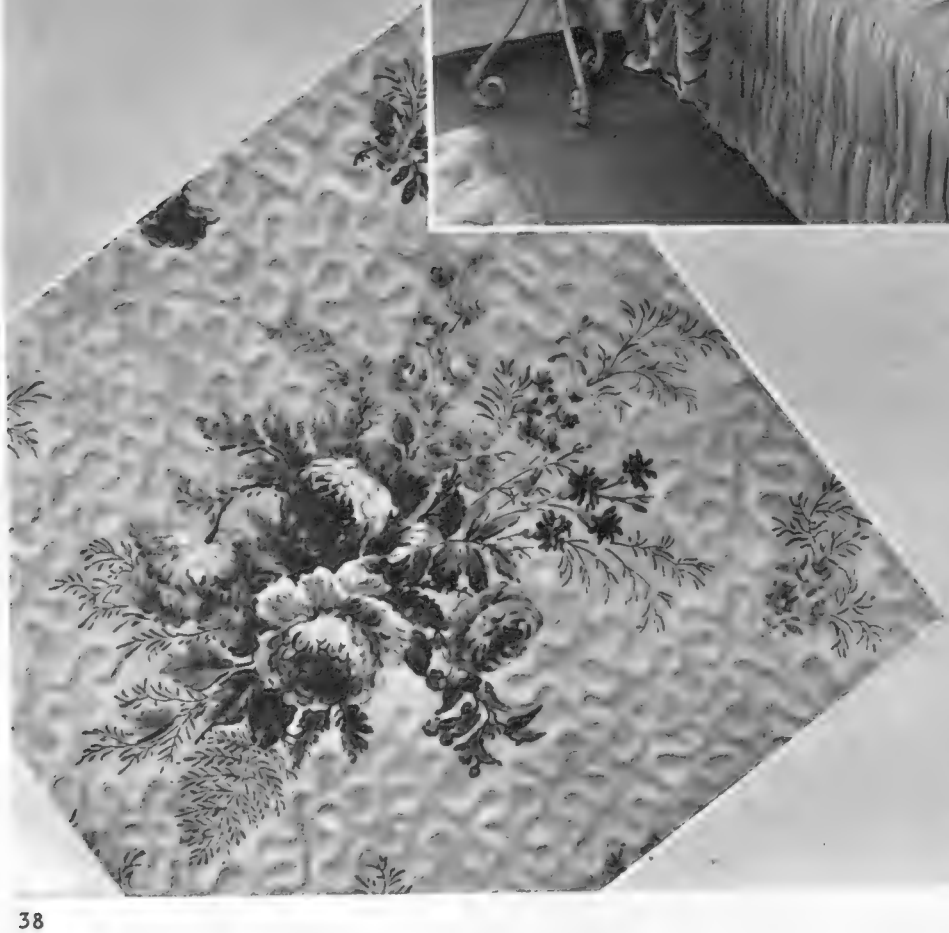
As You Make Your Bed

Ideas for making the bed as charming to look at as it is restful to sleep on

(Above.) Clever blending of plain and figured fabrics makes the ideal cottage bedroom decor.

(Right.) A divan with ruched net or nylon bedspread in a glamour setting between windows draped with a matching material.

(Below.) Quilted fabric can be used effectively for bedspreads, headboards, and pelmets. This is one of the Sanderson designs obtainable in quilted and unquilted fabric.



THE essential qualification of a bed is comfort. Nobody will dispute that fact. But the attractions of a bed as a decorative unit in itself are many, though, in a general way, we incline to overlook its possibilities as the focal-point around which the bedroom scheme of decoration is framed.

In these days when furniture is scarce and costly, a really decorative bed with a few fixings about the room pass off the lack of other furniture in a bedroom. A chair and a dressing-table, a bedside table and attractive fabrics take on importance if the bed is dramatic in its own right.

The divan is the thing to-day and, fortunately, not difficult to obtain now. Decorative headboards can be contrived in many ways. A plain deal or fibre-board headboard can be made fairly inexpensively by a good handyman. It can be painted and given a gilded edging of simple wood moulding. A tightly-fitting loose cover to match the curtains and spread is effective and quite simple to make, and if one of the quilted materials, which we have photographed at

(Above.) Variations of the head drape, featuring a novel window treatment for the single room and concealed lighting behind the pelmets for the double room, with quilted chintz bed-covers and head-curtains.

(Left.) Plain walls offset a gay harlequin of colour in patchwork, chintz and pictures. Headboard and curtains are of matching fabric.

(Below.) Detail of a hand-crocheted quilt from Heal's collection of Eighteenth- and Nineteenth-century bedspreads.

the foot of the page, is used, the effect is quite luxurious. One attractive improvisation I have seen was made from an old carved gilt picture-frame, halved and attached to the wall behind a single divan bed. The frame was repainted to match the wall and the effect was of a luxurious headboard.

Another simple background for a divan bed can be made with a large panel of chintz or whatever material is used for bed covering. This, too, is tacked flat against the wall and outlined with a wide border of braid.

Patchwork has come into its own again with the shortage of other materials for furnishing. These attractive bed-covers can be simple or elaborate, as you wish, according to your skill at sewing and the time you have to spend on the work. Small squares of printed cotton sewn together are effective if the colours are cleverly blended. Much the same result can be had with 4-in. squares of crochet joined together to make a spread. Odd lengths of knitting wool can be used for this purpose and, again, the effect depends upon the attractive harmony of colourings.

Conversion Scheme

Attractive lamps are an asset to any room, but they are expensive to buy. Searching the junk shops produces many decorative objects which are convertible into lamps.

THE simplest room blossoms with interest when lamplight floods it with muted colouring. Even in the daytime when the lamps are unlit, their own decorative qualities are an important asset.

New lamps are costly to buy and, at a reasonable price, are very limited in variety, but there is no need to be without attractive lamps in the home. The junk shops are teeming with decorative china, glass and metal objects which lend themselves to conversion. There are many electricians who will carry out the simple mechanical adaptation at a reasonable cost, if you yourself will hunt out the suitable object for them to work on.

Victorian oil-lamps (the one photographed below is an example) are often extremely decorative. These need only to have the oil fitting replaced with an electrical one, an up-to-date shade, and the transformation is complete.

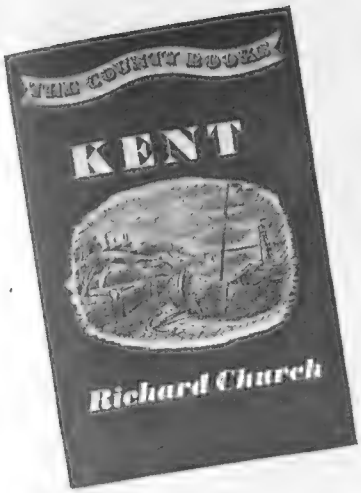
Narrow-necked vases are easily converted, but they should be of a sufficiently substantial kind to bear the weight of the electrical fitting and a shade. If the lamp base is too light in weight, the finished lamp becomes top-heavy. Candlesticks, decanters, pretty china figures, and glass and china vases all have possibilities for the clever eye to spot.

A china animal figure is sunk into a wooden base, fitted with a standard and shade.

Square cut-glass decanter can be given a cylindrical shade.

A converted Victorian ormolu and glass oil-lamp with a cretonne shade.

Cut-glass candlestick adapted to electricity for dressing-table use.



Plenty of Pictures

MOST of us like scanning first-rate pictures as a prelude to the joys of reading. Mr. Richard Church's "**Kent**" in the County Books (Hale, 15s.) has beautiful bled-off half-tone views to lure one to a poet's appreciation of a county he loves and describes with a wide knowledge and sympathy. Of Gravesend, with its 200 river pilots, he says: "There is a certain robust, hornpipe character about its people." Knowing at least one of them, I can well believe it. . . .

"**The English Counties**" (Odhams, 12s. 6d.) by various hands has so many excellent half-tones, besides drawings, that it is really a landscape gallery. The characteristics of each county, its labours and people are described by a distinguished writer, and the whole is exceptional value at the price.

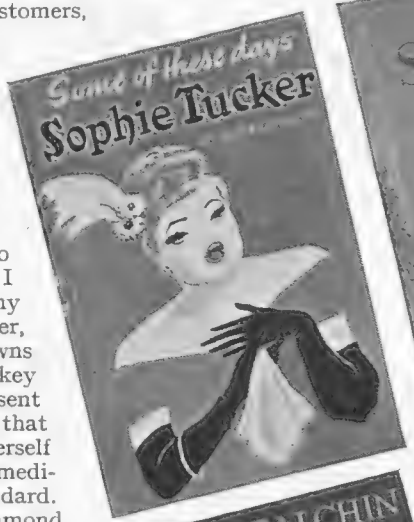
"**The British Empire**" (Batsford, 21s.), edited by Mr. Hector Bolitho, is also by various authorities, each covering ably a section of the Commonwealth, with colour plates, prints, half-tones and maps in abundance.

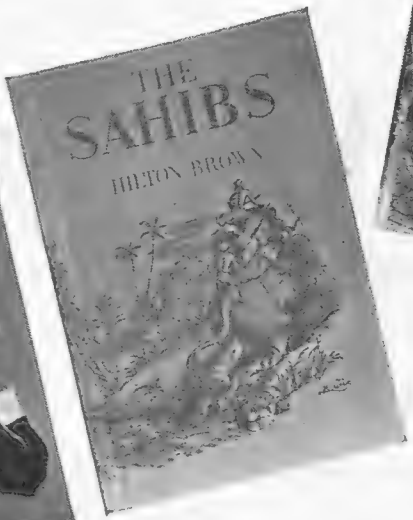
Admirable books for presents, for study, lounge or drawing-room table, and for the bedside table in guest-room. Read them, or just dip and browse over the pictures. They won't mind. . ..

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

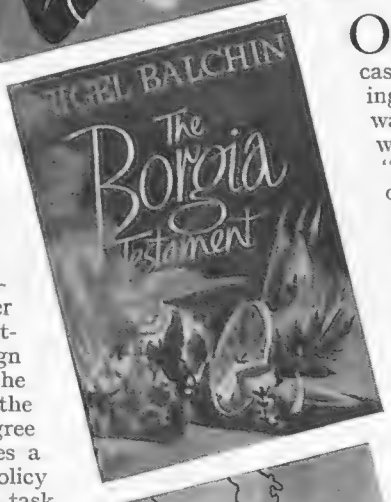
YOU have to hand it to the Fat Girl. She was Sophie Abuza, waitress and washer-up in her parents' restaurant at Hartford. She carolled to the customers, then at local concerts, formed New York's Tin Pan Alley, and in due time became the famous Sophie Tucker, to whom a rich sheik who beheld "the most beautiful lady I have ever seen" in the film *Honky Tonk* wrote: "Your generous proportions appeal to me more than I can say. . . . If you will do me the honour to come to Algiers, I shall make you the favourite of my harem, give you your own chamber, with bath and many lovely gowns and shawls. I also have a pet monkey which I shall be honoured to present to you." It might be said of her that she has been good at putting herself over and her husbands *out* immediately they fell below standard. "**Some of These Days**" (Hammond, 15s.) is a very human, amusing autobiography of poor-girl-makes-good, typified by this crack about first hubby Louis, who preferred going places alone when she was fashioning him a son and heir: "He was paid to drive a truck, not drag one along on his arm after working hours."

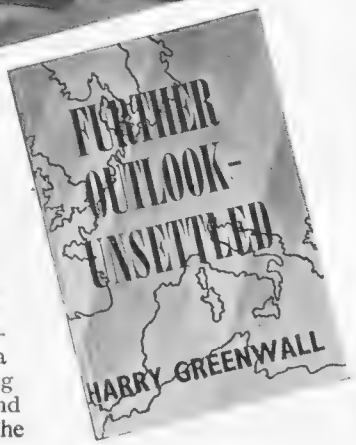




"**Sahibs**" (Hodge, 15s.) edited by Mr. Hilton Brown: a most diverting anthology of the life and habits of the British in India as recorded by themselves in letters and chronicles, illustrated by prints and drawings.

MR. HARRY GREENWALL is an inveterate globe-trotter. His "**Further Outlook: Unsettled**" (Nicholson & Watson, 8s. 6d.) lives up to its sub-title "Foreign Affairs Without Tears" for it does give the man-in-the-street a handy perspective of the world layout, even though he may not agree with all the conclusions. It even provides a short ready-reference survey of the foreign policy of every country, in alphabetical order—a task from which Mr. Bevin or Mr. Eden might shrink. As expert journalist, he draws on personal contact and first-hand experience in formulating his views.





EUROPEANS in India were rarely the stupid sahibs of caricature; more often, astute adventurers. General Martin, for example, who made a fortune importing European luxuries for Kings of Lucknow in the eighteenth century, built a palace, hoping that the King would buy it. When the King decided it would be simpler to confiscate it after his death, he prepared a tomb for himself in a vault, thus making it a defilement for a Mohammedan to live in, even allotting a sum for a number of lights to be burned there, night and day, for ever. Other original characters figure in "The

ON a U.S. lecture tour Mr. Godfrey Winn met Helen Sioussat, Director of Talks for the Columbia broadcasting network. She told him of the time when—knowing nothing of complicated plugs and wires—she badly wanted a job as switchboard operator. So she just walked up to a girl on the outfit and asked her to call "Mr. Jones" quickly. "Which Mr. Jones?" "Oh, the one who has an Aunt Maude. . . . I have a message from her . . . it is terribly urgent. . . ." And while the girl tried a round dozen Mr. Joneses she watched how that switchboard worked, got the job, and even kept it despite the misplugging of the first few days, which were a nightmare. . . . That's the kind of story Mr. Winn strikes in a year's wanderings in U.S.A., Britain, Scandinavia, recorded in "**Going My Way**" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), an easy, write-as-you-pleasey travelogue informal in style.

(*Continued on page* 68)

Bargain Reprints

THE new Pan Books will be welcomed by all who consider a good book worth re-reading. These neat, pocket size editions of the modern classic are published at 2s. each and recent titles include "**Pilgrim Cottage**" by Cecil Roberts, "**Random Harvest**" by James Nilton and "**Malice Aforethought**" by Francis Iles. Among the Great Pan Double Volumes price 2s. 6d. are "**Fanny by Gaslight**" by Michael Sadleir, "**The Years**" by Virginia Woolf and "**Escape with Me**" by Osbert Sitwell.

LAST week my mother returned from a visit to America, and in almost every corner of her luggage she had stuffed a present for me. The unpacking celebration was full of delightful surprises. She brought me a generous supply of nylon stockings in the newest American shades of taupe, misty greys and light nut browns. The nut browns are good for suits and light clothes, while taupe and misty-grey shades are perfect with navy blue, black and all the dark colours. In Hollywood she had found two charming nightgowns, both in heavy silk crêpe, one in white with a shaped bodice top, embroidered with delicate sprigs of little pink flowers and green leaves tied up with pale-blue bows. The other nightgown is pink, with the same type of bodice, but the embroidery is satin appliqué. There is a white crepé de chine slip edged with Valenciennes lace and embroidered with white and blue flowers. It also has a lace hem. The matching panties are a particularly good shape, with a shield panel back and front, elastic waist and lace hem. She also brought me some Revlow nail varnish in the new little tub-shaped bottle with a white screw top which looks like a tiny white bucket turned upside down. A friend sent me some cream rouge in a small plastic pack with a glass top, and the matching lipstick in the prettiest case which has a gold base and a twisted glass top.

Jane Gordon

In Search of Glamour

THERE is more cosmetic glamour to be found in England right now than ever before, and the early autumn collection of beauty preparations and treatments is as important to women as the Paris fashion openings.

To give you an idea of some of the new fashions in beauty—at Elizabeth Arden's hair shop you can get a "quick come-back" to colour treatment for fading hair. The scalp and hair are reconditioned by the "two-brush" technique, which stimulates the scalp and helps to bring back the colour and sheen to the hair. First the hair is given a wonderful tingling brushing. This is followed by a thorough cleansing and massage with oil, which is steamed into the scalp. Then comes a tonic massage to loosen up the scalp, whip up the circulation and correct dryness. Finally, there is a reconditioning shampoo with special preparations to renew hair health and beauty.

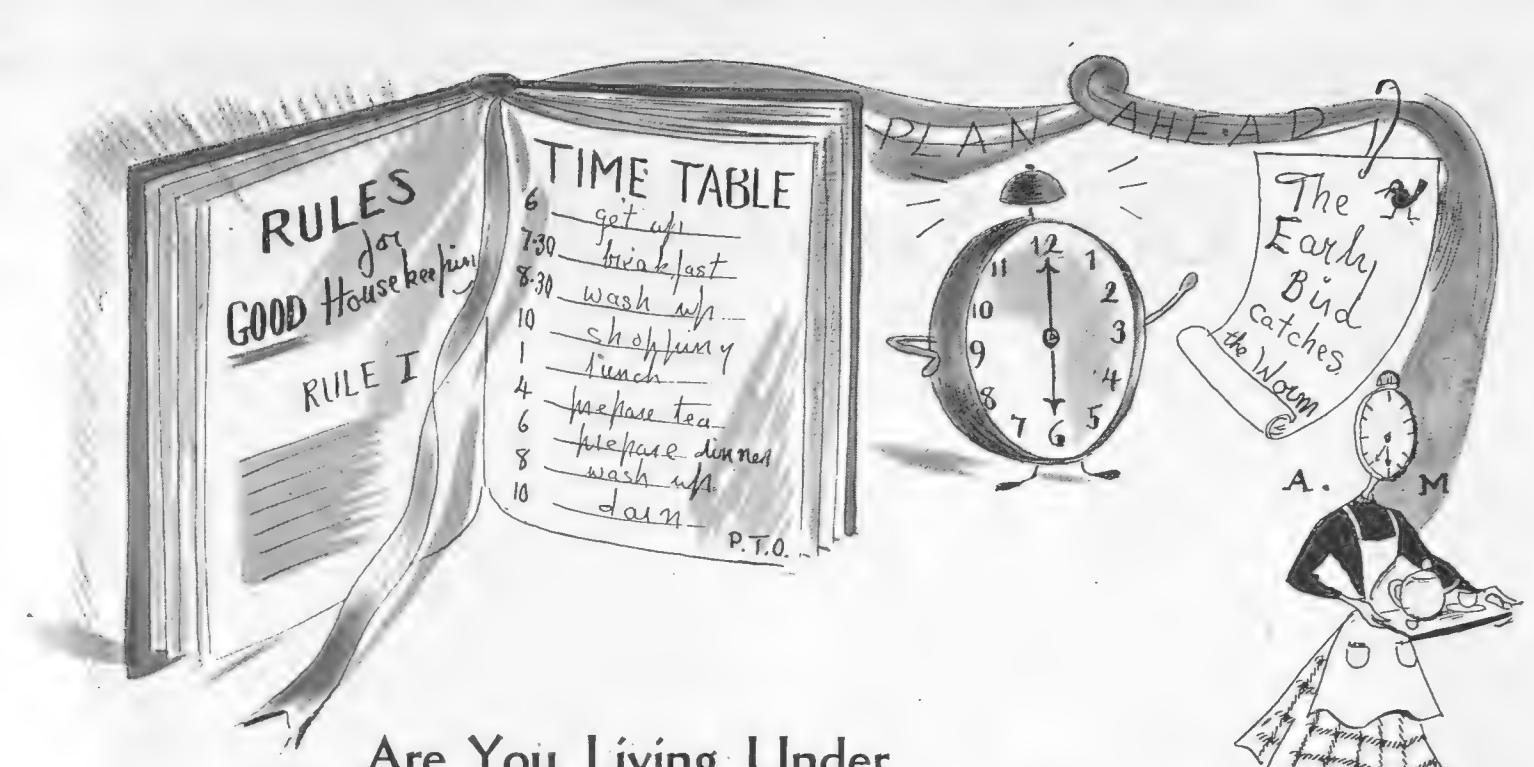
Koko Cream Shampoo will recondition hair which has been dried out by sea bathing during the holiday. They call this the "cosmetic shampoo," and it is packed in tubes, which makes it very easy to use. One advantage of the tube shampoo cream is that it is so easy to pack. You can dump it in your sponge-bag along with the other bathroom accessories. It is almost as important to add a tube of cream shampoo to your husband's sponge-bag. His hair suffers more from sea bathing than yours does. The trial size tube is 10½d., and the large size tube is price 3s.

There is a new travelling pack for all Goya perfumes. I should say at a rough guess that each little bottle contains one drachm (one teaspoonful) of perfume. Now, a teaspoonful of concentrated perfume should be enough to last a woman at least five weeks—that is, if she is well versed in the art of using perfume. The box packing of each of these little bottles is about 1¾ in. by 1¼ in., so that you can pack all five perfumes with no trouble at all. For the price and space of one ordinary bottle of scent you have five different perfumes suitable for every occasion. "Heather" is perfect for the country, and "Great Expectations" for town use. "Gardenia" is the nicest flower perfume I have come across—very light and gay. "Studio" is a sort of cocktail party perfume, and "No. 5" is definitely an evening dress perfume. These travel-size bottles are priced 7s. 6d. each.

All perfumes and eau de Cologne now have bottles which give an air of charm and elegance to any dressing-table or bathroom shelf. On my own dressing-table I have Lelong's "N" Cologne in its special bottle with the globe base, very long stem neck and frosty round glass stopper top. On my bathroom shelf I have Worth's eau de Cologne "Je Reviens," which is bottled in a round flat glass flask with a blue screw plastic top, and Caron's "Royal Bain de Champagne." This looks like a tiny wine bottle with a white plastic screw top. Then I have Arden's "June Geranium" in the well-known bottle with the dimpled waistline and pink screw plastic top.

Bath powders are also beautifully packed in these days. One of the best for bathroom use is Lenthéric Tweed Talcum in the square metal box which is grained and light brown, giving the impression of fine tweed.

(*Continued on page 62*)



Are You Living Under

A Domestic Dictatorship?

EVERY woman who runs a home has awakened on some morning to the realization that she is trapped in a strait jacket of domestic duties from which there is no escape.

"Follow a schedule," say the writers on housecraft; "Plan ahead" urges the voice on the air; "You must be a model of efficiency," says the still, but not very small, voice of duty.

It's all rather on the same lines as those disheartening Books on Baby which talk about happy motherhood and plan the day from rising at 5.45 for the 6 o'clock feed and running through the baby's smalls before breakfast to falling asleep (I'd call it Merciful Unconsciousness) about 11 p.m. I used to read them before my child was born and came to the conclusion that a convict doing hard labour had loads of spare time by comparison.

Rules are made to be broken and any woman of character must adapt conditions and circumstances to suit herself if she is not to find the everyday business of life Too Much To Be Borne.

Every home—whether it is a two-roomed flat or a ten-bedroomed house—has infinite potentialities. It can be a background for your life, and your family, your fun and your fund of refreshment, or it can be a Domestic Dictator, demanding and sapping your allegiance for twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

Don't let your house run your life—believe me, it will pay scant dividends. There is no reason why the chores should be done in any one's way but your own, as long as your own way gets results and leaves you a composed and pleasant person. If you feel like it, ignore the conventions about how and, especially *when*, to do things. Be a person first of all, a happy individual, not a slave to your job of homemaking. A concert, a visit to a friend, a trip to the movies when, by all the rules, you should be dusting and sweeping isn't a crime. It's a very good thing if it makes the dull routine of house cleaning more endurable.

This care-free way of living calls for intelligence and improvization. It is not a question of sitting down on the job so much as defying the job to sit too heavily upon you.

If it's a lovely day, take advantage of it. Sit in the garden for an hour or two, go out and enjoy the sunshine. Catch up on the job in the early morning! Any time, anyhow, rather than miss this rare pleasure and suffer a feeling of martyrdom. You have your duty to the family, of course, but you are doing them no good service by becoming their disgruntled slave. Get them into the mood and they will quickly appreciate the compensations of a carefree household presided over by a woman who is enjoying her job.

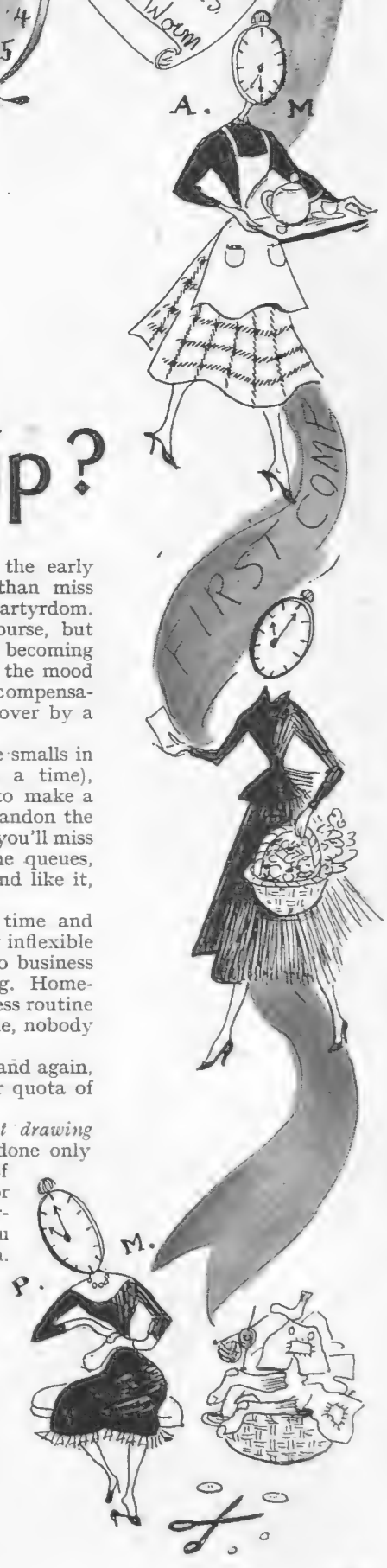
If it pays you better, run through the smalls in the bathroom basin (ten minutes at a time), rather than set aside a whole morning to make a tiring business of it. Now and again abandon the idea of early-morning shopping. Maybe you'll miss the best buys—but you'll also miss the queues, and any family can take second best and like it, once in a while.

Living by the clock is an excellent time and labour saving scheme; but an absolutely inflexible system whether it is applied to home, to business or to any aspect of life is a soulless thing. Homemaking should be a pleasure, not a soulless routine and it is You that will make it enjoyable, nobody else.

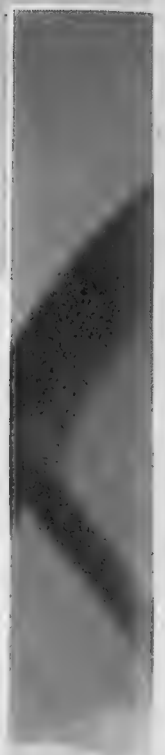
Be luxurious in little ways. once now and again, if not always. Insist upon your proper quota of leisure.

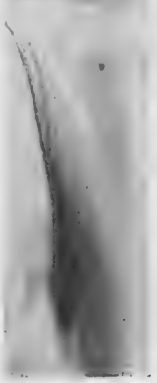
All of us hear *Time's winged chariot drawing near*—but this rush to get everything done only means that you yourself get done most of all. There's no time like the present for saying "Away with domestic dictatorship" . . . before it does away with you as a person who is a pleasure to be with.

By Peggy Stevenson



Give Yourself A Facial





THERE are three basic principles on which every beauty treatment is founded—cleansing, toning and nourishing. However different or elaborate the methods of different beauty specialists may be these three form the theme.

Women who are wise in skin care will realize how important it is to give themselves a once-a-week facial. Even the drabbest and most tired skin cannot fail to respond to such regular care, and it will in time become glowing and clear-textured.

Choose a time when you can shut yourself away for at least an hour for your beauty treatment, because relaxation is also important. That is why most salon treatments are given in softly lighted—almost twilight—cubicles.

First of all see that your hands are thoroughly clean. Next, tie your hair back by fixing a bandage round the whole head, pushing hair well back and away from creams.

First take your pot of cleanser and massage it liberally into face and throat. Work upwards all the time, except on the nose, when firm down strokes must be used. Leave on for a few moments, remove with either a dry tissue or a face flannel wrung out of warm water, and apply a second lot of cream—not so lavishly as at first. Now moisten a generous-sized pad of cotton-wool with cold water, squeeze it dry and moisten it with skin tonic. Use this to remove the second application of cleansing cream. The skin will be fresh and clean and ready for toning. Moisten a second piece of cotton-wool with cold water and skin tonic and pat firmly upwards from the centre of the chin to the temple. Then work across the forehead—also from the centre—first to left and then to right. Pat the throat firmly and *slap* briskly under the chin.

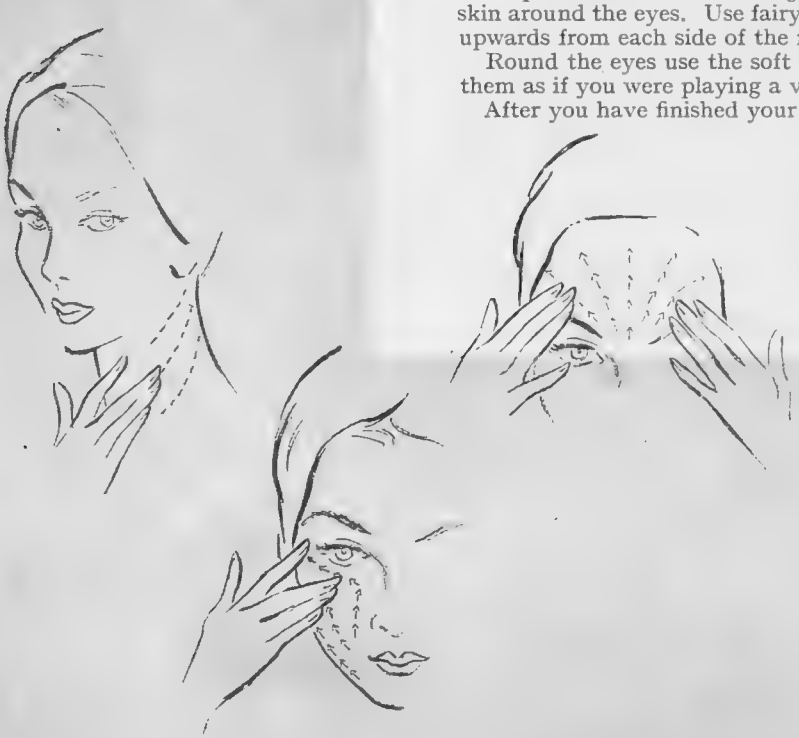
Now the skin is ready for at least twenty minutes' massage. with a bland nourishing cream. Start off by placing the elbows on a table, hands pressed firmly together under the chin in a "prayer" movement. Then work each hand firmly up the neck to the ears at least twenty times; this gives a glowing feeling as if the circulation had been renewed miraculously.

Next massage the brow firmly by placing the fingertips together over the bridge of the nose and just above the eyebrows. Each hand should move firmly outwards to the hairline without dragging the skin.

No pressure should ever be given to delicate surfaces such as the cheeks or the fine skin around the eyes. Use fairylike movements of the fingertips on the cheeks working upwards from each side of the nose to the temple in tiny circles.

Round the eyes use the soft cushions of the first three fingers only, tapping round them as if you were playing a very delicate tune.

After you have finished your massage lie back and rest for another twenty minutes



The home facial treatment is preceded by a thorough cleansing. Figs. 1-4 show correct method of cleansing, starting at the neck and finishing with the forehead. Figs. 5-7 show the routine for massage. The home treatment is completed by removal of skinfood with cotton-wool pad sprinkled with astringent or cotton-wool, Fig. 8.

ith closed eyes. On the eyelids place wads of cotton-wool aked in a good eye tonic. During this time the rest of the urishing cream which has not been absorbed by the massage ll soak in. It should be removed with pads of cotton-wool aked in *skin tonic* for a non-greasy skin and *astringent* for a asy one.

If you can give this treatment before going to bed so much he better and you will be amazed at the renewed look you have the morning. It is not wise to give a facial "on the night of party" because the grease has a habit of seeping through e's make-up. The day before is the perfect time for such a reatment.

Interested readers should write to me for details of preparations to use for a home facial, giving particulars of their special types of skin.

Settle Your Bill of Health

APART from organic complaints and sudden swoops of infectious illness, average people can settle their own health bill by intelligent foresight and attention to a health routine.

The common enemies of day-to-day health are well known enough, yet many of us fail to adopt the simple safeguards which prevent them.

Constipation, the most common of all enemies of health makes the eyes dull, the skin sallow and spotty and the hair lifeless. The toxic condition which faulty elimination sets up, poisons the system and the vital glands upon which we depend for vitality. Headaches, lassitude, loss of appetite and general feeling of malaise are typical, yet constipation, as such, is not always detectable in the obvious way. Exercise is an important antidote, even a simple massage movement like working the hands with a firm rotary motion on the stomach adding pressure by using the hands. Another important aid to constipation is the simple one of fixing a regular "date" with Nature.

The laxative habit is not a good one other than in the temporary sense. Diet often helps, brown bread, plenty of fruit, especially figs, often improve the condition. A colonic irrigation is the best possible start to any of the measures named, giving as it does complete elimination of the poisonous wastes before other treatments begin.

When constipation is overcome another foe to beauty—indigestion—will have been almost overcome. There are other causes of indigestion—namely, eating too quickly, imperfect mastication, and washing down food with water or other beverages.

Teeth constitute a great factor in settling the health bill. Toxic poisons from decayed teeth and infected gums undermine digestion, cause rheumatism, sinus trouble, nervous debility and countless other ills. Deep-seated infection in the mouth can only be detected by a dentist. You, the patient, may be quite unaware of the poison factory in your mouth, that is why regular visits to the dentist, whether or not you are aware of trouble, will contribute to the settlement of your personal bill of health.

Massaging the gums with a soft toothbrush dipped in salt and water acts as a tonic and a safe disinfectant. Use an upwards movement for the lower gums and downwards for the upper ones. Keep two toothbrushes, use them alternately and disinfect them well.

If your teeth are widely spaced make regular use of dental floss to remove the waste particles of food which set up infection.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems or further details of preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Acid Skin

White pinhead bumps which afflict many skins, and are usually found round the nose and chin, but sometimes on the cheeks, are due to an acid condition. It is difficult to remove these blemishes without leaving an unsightly mark. They must on no account be squeezed out with the fingers, as this is liable to set up an infection and start an even more unwelcome pimple.

An astringent cream applied twice a week is often helpful. Before applying the cream the skin must be thoroughly cleansed. An astringent preparation has lately been produced which takes a soft creamy consistency, and is spread on at night and left until morning. During the hours of sleep it reaches down under the skin, neutralising acid wastes and impurities which clog the pores.

By Harriet Muir

The Soup Season

TOMATOES AND VEGETABLE SOUP

SOUPS have had a back place through the summer, but already the prospect of hot substantial soup begins to be pleasant again; not yet the real winter soups such as Scotch broth and Mulligatawny but any of the number of seasonal soups for which we can use the less good portions of vegetables which are still flourishing in the garden or easily obtained in the shops.

Some of the lighter broths make good use of stock when we can muster it from the ration and cereal soups are good, also soup from fish stock.

TOMATOES AND VEGETABLE SOUP

Ingredients: 1 lb. tomatoes; 1 onion; a few bacon rinds; pinch celery salt; ½ teaspoonful sugar; 2 cupfuls mixed cooked vegetables such as diced carrots, peas, haricot beans (part of a tin of mixed vegetables is suitable); 1 tablespoonful flour; 1 oz. fat; 1 pint water or stock; ¼ pint milk; seasoning.

Fry rinds, sliced onion and sliced tomatoes in fat in pan, about 10 minutes, without browning. Add water and seasoning. Simmer about 30 minutes, sieve. Boil up; meanwhile make a thin paste with flour and a little milk. Pour this into the soup when gently boiling. Stir till it thickens. Add remaining milk, sugar and cooked vegetables before serving.

BRETON SOUP

Ingredients: 1 cabbage; 2 oz. carrots; 2 oz. turnip; 1 large onion; sprig each of parsley, marjorum and thyme; 2 oz. fat; 1 quart white stock; seasoning.

Peel onion and turnip, scrape carrots and wash vegetables. Shred heart and best leaves of cabbage. Chop onions, dice turnip and carrots, melt fat in pan. Add vegetables, season and fry a few minutes, gently. Add stock and herbs tied in muslin bag. Simmer till vegetables are tender. Remove herbs and serve with croutons of toast.

SPANISH CONSOMMES

Ingredients: 3 pints vegetable stock (free of fat and clarified by straining through a linen cloth without pressing it through); 12 large olives; any available meat for stuffing such as pounded liver, Pâté de foie gras from a tin or potted meat.

Carefully stone olives and fill hole with stuffing, poach in stock a few minutes. Drain and, when cold, cut in half. Heat up vegetable stock with a few slices of fresh tomato, having removed skin and seeds; season. Remove any scum, add olives and serve.

SORREL CREAM SOUP

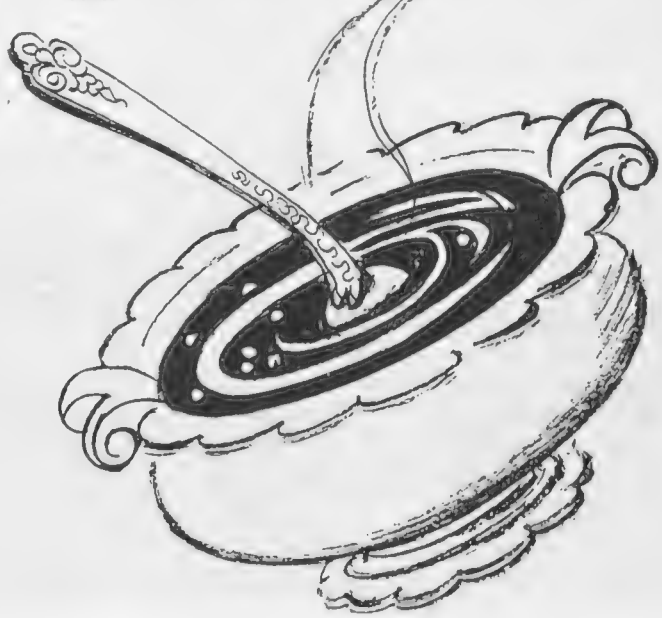
Ingredients: ½ lb. French sorrel; small cabbage lettuce; ½ teaspoonful dried herbs; 1 oz. fat; 1 quart stock (vegetable); ¼ pint milk; ½ pint thick white sauce flavoured with onion; 2 eggs, reconstituted; seasoning.

Wash sorrel and lettuce. Cut them small and fry with fat in pan a few minutes. Add stock and simmer about ½ an hour. Rub through fine sieve. Prepare sauce in pan and stir in purée. Heat through; add milk and eggs, well beaten. Stir a few minutes without letting it boil. Serve with croutons of fried bread.

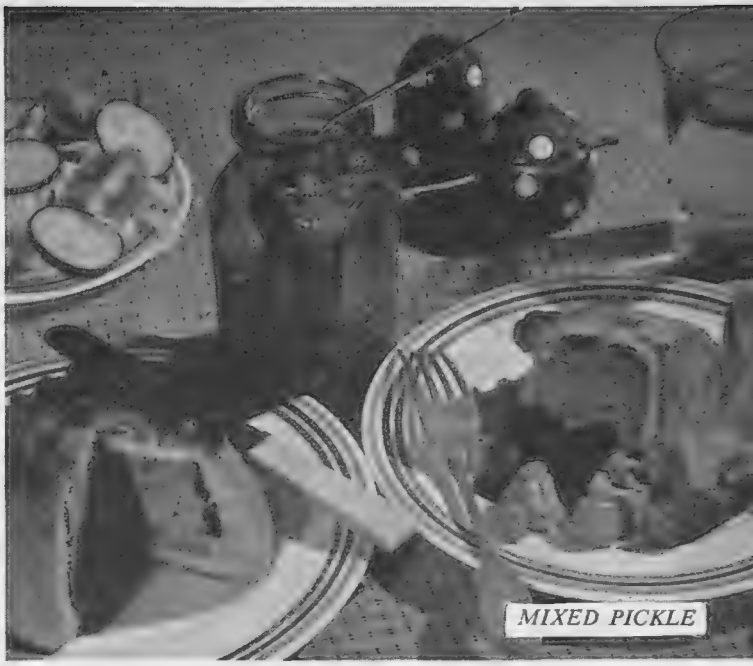
CABBAGE CREAM SOUP

Ingredients: 1 cabbage; ½ pint milk or milk and water; 3 pints water; walnut of butter or margarine; 1 large onion or a few shallots; dessertspoonful sago; seasoning.

Use heart and best leaves of cabbage. Well wash and slice. Peel and slice onion. Season and put in pan with water. Cook vegetables gently till quite soft, about 30 minutes. Skim—rub through sieve, add water they were cooked in—return to pan; add sago, butter and milk; heat up, stirring well and simmer about 15 minutes. Serve with small plate of grated cheese.



A MEDLEY OF VEGETABLES SUITABLE FOR PICKLING



MIXED PICKLE

Pickles And Preserves

THIS is the time to make a good variety of pickles and to preserve the number of fruits and vegetables which are ceasing to be attractive; rhubarb which is getting old, green tomatoes, marrows which will never mature, pears that are hard.

If possible, dry some herbs and parsley. They are a boon for stuffings and give a piquant flavour. Herbs should be picked when in full leaf, not flowering. Tie in bunches, hang in the sun or warmth of the kitchen. Protect from the dust with muslin. When dry and crisp pick off the leaves and pinch into tiny pieces. Store in bottles, corked and sealed.

There are a few points to remember when preparing any pickles. Never use a copper pan—aluminium or enamel are most suitable. Vegetables or fruit must be well cleaned, perfectly sound and fresh. Jars must be quite clean, dry and warm before pickle goes into them, and must be made quite airtight. Use patent bottles or seal with candle wax or put waxed paper round cork and tap it firmly in with a small hammer. Turn jar upside down to make sure there is no leakage.

Pickling vinegar is prepared by boiling together 4 pints of vinegar, ½ lb. mixed spice, a tablespoonful of salt and 2 onions. Boil for 5 minutes. Strain and use cold.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE

Ingredients: 2 lb. chopped green tomatoes; ¾ lb. apples, peeled, cored and sliced; ½ lb. chopped onions; saltspoonful cayenne pepper; ½ pint vinegar; 4 oz. sultanas or chopped prunes; ¾ lb. sugar; small teaspoonful ground ginger.

Boil all together till stiff. Pour into pots and seal. Keep in cool, dry place.

PICKLED PEARS

Ingredients: 3 lb. pears; 2 lb. sugar; 1 piece of root ginger; 3 cloves; vanilla pod; ½ pint vinegar; ½ pint water; pinch allspice.

Peel, core and quarter pears. Boil with other ingredients till pears are tender but firm. Remove pears and put in jars. Boil liquid till it thickens. When cool pour into jars. Seal.

MINT JELLY

Ingredients: 8 oz. fresh mint; 2 lb. sour green apples; 1 quart water; sugar; 1 lemon; green colouring.

Wash fruit. Cut up apples without peeling or coring. Put in preserving pan in water together with lemon and bunch of mint, cook till fruit is pulp. Strain through jelly bag. Leave to drip. Measure liquid. Boil up and add ¾ lb. sugar per pint, dissolve sugar. Boil again and test for setting, add a little green colouring and a little finely chopped mint. Pot like jam.

This pressure cooker adds labour saving to the other advantages of steam cooking. It comes with a serving lid, which replaces the patent lid when the contents are cooked, so that the cooker can go straight from the stove to the table

Steam Cookery

COOKING to-day presents three ever-present bogeys—time, economy and the provision of nourishment. Waterless cooking is the clear answer to these problems.

This system of concentrated cooking with very little water is the result of sealing in the heat and reducing cooking time to a fraction of what is used with an ordinary pan. With one of the new pressure cookers, the tired worker or overworked housewife, trying to produce a good meal in 10 minutes, finds she literally can. A stew takes 12-15 minutes; slow vegetables 5 minutes and greens 2 or 3 minutes, stewed pears or prunes only a good 5 minutes. Such rapid cooking as this in steam rather than in water means that food conserves its full flavour and all the vital minerals which other kinds of cooking destroy.

Cooks are often suspicious of something quick; there they need not be—steam cooking is essentially practical for all forms of stewing, braising and casserole cooking.

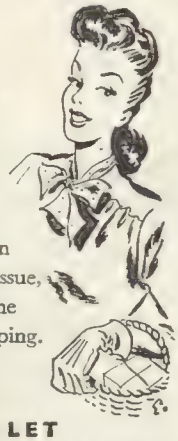
This new type of pan is available in good supply and soon repays the initial outlay. It is safe and foolproof, provided you follow the instructions for time and quantity of water. All you have to do is to put the food and ½ cup of water in the pan, bring to the boil, seal the patent lid and let the cooking proceed for the prescribed number of minutes. There is, of course, an appreciable saving of fuel as well as time. A pressure cooker of the type illustrated above can be used on any stove.

It's only natural . . .

. . . for the little 'mother' to take great care over those first steps. She'll play happily by the hour. But should some minor upset put her out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs' to restore regularity, bright eyes and sunny nature. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna. Purely vegetable and naturally nice!

'California Syrup of Figs'

'Toilet tissue is a thing I always ask for by name'



Probably nobody is quicker to recognise good quality than the housewife. That's why, when it's a question of buying toilet tissue, so many insist on Velvex, the fine quality paper in the smart wrapping. In packets or rolls.

VELVEX TOILET TISSUE

VELVET CREPE PAPER COMPANY LIMITED

fragrance!

DAINTINESS! COMFORT!

A toilet luxury that is a necessity for sensitive skins and well-groomed people.

Cuticura TALCUM

290

The Man Who Was Murdered Twice

(*Continued from page 12*)

still think there may be yet another attempt on Bentley's life? I believe you told the police so."

"I did and I do."

Dr. Ashley got up and looked out of the window for a moment. Then he turned round suddenly.

"I'm going to put the matter to you in a new way, Falconer. I want you to think of this third man who is going to try to murder Bentley. It seems to me that his life is in your hands."

"How do you make that out?"

"Do you think he has already decided to commit the murder?"

"Not necessarily. Bentley may not yet have done the thing that. . . ."

"That's exactly it!" Dr. Ashley swung round at him. "You're the one man who can stop Bentley doing that thing!"

The blue eyes gazed at him, unsmiling.

"You're not thinking of bumping him off yourself, doctor?"

"It won't be necessary to bump him off," Ashley retorted. "I can put the fear of God into him in other ways. And nobody need know but me. I'm a doctor, not a policeman. I know you have some very good reason for not saying why you tried to kill Bentley. Perhaps some third person is involved. If you told the police, you'd be telling the world. If you tell me, you're telling nobody but me. I want you to think of that third man, Falconer. He may have had five years of war like you. I don't want him to have five years of Parkhurst as well."

Falconer said nothing for a long time.

"Can I think it over, doctor?" he asked at last.

"Certainly," Ashley said.

"Then you had better ring for the warder," Falconer ended.

Dr. Ashley had just finished having dinner with the Governor when a message arrived to say that the prisoner Falconer had asked to see him again and was waiting in the Governor's office. Ashley went there at once, and the warder who was with Falconer withdrew.

"I've decided to do as you want," Falconer said shortly.

"Thank you," Ashley replied. "Sit down, won't you?"

"Isn't worth sitting down," Falconer answered. "I can tell you all in one sentence . . . I had a wife. She was very beautiful, and she was no good. I knew she was no good, but I loved her. If I had been left to myself, I wouldn't have asked what she had been doing those three years while I was with the Japs. But Bentley insisted on my knowing. He knows everything about everybody, and he told me. The things he told me were true and they were things I couldn't overlook. I left her. But I still loved her. And I poisoned Bentley, just as he had poisoned me."

"Is that all?" Dr. Ashley asked.

"There's just one thing more," Falconer told him. "You think I was the first who had a reason to murder Bentley. I wasn't."

"You mean that there was an earlier attempt!"

"No, Dr. Ashley. There's always an alternative to murder."

"Suicide?" Ashley looked up.

"That's right, suicide. There was a young woman called Valerie Heyden. She had been playing fast and loose, too; and she had a husband who was a p.o.w. in Germany. Bentley knew her quite well."

"What happened, Falconer?"

"She took an overdose of drugs the night before her husband came home."

Dr. Ashley sat staring at the blotting paper on the Governor's desk for a long time after Falconer had gone out with the warder. The next day he began to make enquiries about Valerie Heyden. He would have asked Bentley himself about her; but the latter was still running that curious temperature, and he dared not do anything which might excite him.

In the end the best he could do was to go to the Coroner who had conducted the inquest. Valerie Heyden's husband was out in the Argentine somewhere; but Ashley would have been reluctant to go to him even if he had been in London. His object was not to induce more people to try to murder Bentley, but to try to stop them.

The Coroner was a very cautious man with small beady eyes, and Ashley had to put all his cards on the table before he would talk. He said then that he could not definitely connect Valerie Heyden's death in any way with Merrion Bentley. The verdict had been suicide while of unsound mind. Mrs. Heyden had not been faithful to her husband; that came out at the inquest. And she had not only been unfaithful to him, but unfaithful to the man she had been living with. That, too, came out at the inquest. Bentley's name had not been mentioned although an anonymous letter had been received hinting that Bentley might know something about it. He had not followed the anonymous letter up because there was not the slightest doubt that Mrs. Heyden had killed herself of her own free will. It was quite possible that she did it because she knew that Bentley knew about her, and thought that he would tell her husband when he came home. That, however, did not make Bentley criminally responsible in any way. And the husband incidentally had not been told by Bentley or anyone else. His wife had written to him affectionately all the time he had been a prisoner, and the sudden tragedy was a complete shock to him.

That was all that Dr. Ashley learned from the Coroner. He still could not tackle Bentley himself, for that temperature was still running. Moreover, the wound was not healing as it ought to, and he had already had one consultation as to whether a second operation would be necessary. In Dr. Ashley's opinion the best possible thing that could happen was for Bentley to die; but he was also aware that if he did it within a year and a day of the attack on him, it would mean a charge of murder instead of attempted murder if the assailant were ever caught.

This was the state of affairs a few days later when Dr. Ashley's telephone rang. It was a colleague of his and the colleague said he was sending a patient along to consult him. Ashley asked what kind of a case it was, and the colleague said it was a young woman. Either she or her husband was suffering from delusions, and he did not know which it was. He hoped that Ashley could help her, for she was a very sweet person.

The next day Vera Langley was shown into Ashley's consulting room.

Ashley told her that his friend Dr. Marsh had spoken on the telephone about her; and then asked her quietly what the trouble was.

"It's my husband," she said. "I'm very worried. I think he's gone out of his mind."

Ashley picked up his fountain pen.

"Tell me about your husband, Mrs. Langley."

"He's in the Navy," the young woman said. "Done awfully well, too. They all say that. So he must have been all right then."

"I gather he has been away for some time."

"Yes, in the Far East."

"A prisoner of war?"

"No. Oh no. But I hadn't seen him for over three years. I had been looking forward every day of those three years to the time when he did come home."

"Any children, Mrs. Langley?"

"No, we had only been married three weeks when he was ordered abroad."

"Go on, please."

"I knew he was coming home with his ship. Not flying. And I knew about when the ship would arrive. I waited and waited, and nothing happened. I wasn't really worried until I saw in the papers that the ship had docked at Devonport four days earlier."

"What date was that, Mrs. Langley?"

"The seventh. Just five weeks ago to-day."

"Right. What did you do then?"

"I telephoned Devonport. And they said he had been in the ship and left at once on leave. But still he did not come to see me."

"Did he never come, Mrs. Langley?"

"Yes, he came two days later. In the evening. He was wearing his uniform. He pushed me away when I ran forward to kiss him. Then he made (*Continued on page 51*)

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the most frightful accusations against me about another man, and finally left me just as abruptly as he came."

"Do you know where he is?"

"I've no idea at all, doctor. I'm so worried. I know he's got a revolver."

"If he had been going to use that," Dr. Ashley said soothingly, "he would have used it by now." Then he made a shot in the dark with his fountain pen poised over his notepaper. "Do you know what kind of a revolver it was, Mrs. Langley?"

"What they call a .38, I believe," the young woman replied.

Dr. Ashley paused a moment.

"Why precisely did you mention the revolver just now?"

"I was afraid he might do himself some harm."

"Himself?"

"Yes. He'd never harm anyone else."

"There was no foundation for these suspicions of his?"

"Absolutely none, doctor. I've never thought of any man except my husband."

Dr. Ashley underlined what he had written on the piece of notepaper in front of him. Then he looked at Vera Langley.

"It's a very distressing situation," he said. "But I can't quite see what makes you think it is a medical problem. In fact, I wonder you didn't go to the police in the first place."

"That would have just infuriated Robert," Mrs. Langley answered. "Besides, there's something more, something quite uncanny, which did make me think it was a medical case."

"I see. And what was that?"

"The story he told me wasn't untrue. It was just untrue about me. He didn't tell me who the man was I was supposed to have been going with, but he had all the dates and places quite pat. Swansea at one time and Edinburgh at another. And I happened to know that there had been a woman who had been with a man to those places in those months."

"Can you tell me who the woman was, Mrs. Langley?"

"Yes, doctor, it was my mother."

Dr. Ashley's mouth opened and the pen slipped from his hand on to the desk. He recovered himself immediately, however, and proceeded in a very quiet voice.

"Would you tell me about your mother, Mrs. Langley?"

"It was in the first World War," Vera Langley replied equally quietly. "My mother was engaged to a man who became a prisoner of war, quite early, in 1914. It was a long time before he came back and in the meantime my mother fell in love with somebody else. And married him. But she never had the heart or the sense to tell the man who was prisoner. He didn't find out until he came home. And he said things to her then just like my husband said to me. She never really recovered from that. She died when I was born."

"Did your husband know this strange story, Mrs. Langley?"

"No, that's what frightens me. I never told him."

"And how did you come to know yourself?"

"I was brought up by an uncle when my father was killed in an accident. He was a horrid man. He took a delight in telling me about my mother. I think he wanted to frighten me into being good. He wanted to make me despise myself and despise her. But it seemed to me that she was just soft-hearted and very stupid."

"Did he ever tell you the name of the man who was the prisoner?"

"No, he just said that he was very rich, and that if my mother hadn't been so wicked he—the uncle—wouldn't have had the expense of bringing me up."

"Have you told this uncle what happened with your husband?"

"No, I can't bear to go near him. He'd twist it all round in some horrible way."

"Could you give me his address, Mrs. Langley?"

Vera Langley gave the name and the address, which was at Grantham; and Dr. Ashley wrote it down on the notepaper. It was the only intelligible thing that he had written down. When he had got it down, he looked at it for a second and then stood up.

"I think you were quite right to come to me, Mrs. Langley," he said. "I think it is a medical problem, and I think I can handle it. Don't go to the police, and don't go to your uncle. I am going to find your husband for you and put things right."

Vera Langley thanked him, then as he saw her to the door she asked:

"Could it be some kind of telepathy, doctor?"

Dr. Ashley shook her hand.

"Yes," he replied. "It might be something just like that."

ALTHOUGH it was quite a cool day, Dr. Ashley was sweating as he performed the second operation on Merrion Bentley. The theatre sister, who had an undisclosed passion for the doctor, could feel a strange tenseness in the atmosphere; and so could the anaesthetist. They thought it was due to the great delicacy of the operation in progress. They did not know about Falconer and Valerie Heyden or Vera Langley. Still less did they know that the name that Vera's uncle had given was Merrion Bentley, or that the police were already questioning Robert Langley as to his movements on a certain date.

Dr. Ashley knew all these things, and the knowledge had the effect of splitting him into two persons. His hands remained the hands of a skilled surgeon; but his brain was that of a potential murderer. For a time it was touch and go which won. It was so easy to make sure that this was the last operation that Bentley ever had: in fact, it needed more than a human skill to make the operation a success. But then in the bright shadowless light in which his hands were working, the sweet face of Vera Langley swam up before him. He had promised that he would find her husband and put things right. It was Robert's life as well as Bentley's which depended on the nimbleness of those rubber-gloved hands. And Dr. Ashley knew that he had to save Robert from the worst consequences of the law even if it meant saving Merrion Bentley as well.

The tense electrical atmosphere in the theatre increased as the operation moved towards its crisis. When at last it was over they were all utterly exhausted. The sister had to sit down for a moment for fear she was going to faint, and the anaesthetist was quite breathless as he washed his hands in the basin next to Ashley.

"A wonderful piece of work, Ashley!" he said warmly. "I've never seen anything like it."

Ashley was drying his hands then, and he turned round furiously, almost as though he were going to strike the anaesthetist.

"Why the hell can't you mind your own business!"

The anaesthetist stepped back; and the theatre sister stared at them and burst into tears.

Ashley of course made his apologies later, and he could afford to then. The operation had been a complete success in every way except one. When Bentley recovered consciousness, he was completely mad. That is to say that all the veneer and the pretence had gone, and he was the inner Bentley who had always been on the borderlines of madness. If you went in to see him, he would take your hand caressingly and tell you in a high-pitched voice of the little games he had had and how he had enjoyed them. And it was not only Falconer and Valerie Heyden and Vera Langley that he mentioned. There were half a dozen others as well: marriages that he had successfully wrecked.

When all this became known, the police decided that there was insufficient evidence to make any charge against Robert Langley; the Home Office at the same time began to consider a remission of Falconer's sentence; and Dr. Ashley in due course became the godfather of Vera Langley's first baby.

It was a girl.

END

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The (dis)United Nations Disenchanted Family

(*Continued from page* 13)

workers, archivists, and technicians ranging from business-machine operators through photostat experts to equally expert bartenders. Many are simply doing a job. Others are motivated by a high idealism. Even a cocktail-shaker may be an idealist.

Special mention must be made of a layer interwoven with the foregoing, somewhere near the top. I refer to the new Blue Stockings of great elegance and appeal . . . some of them. An issue of young ladies with college degrees, who take their jobs, and themselves, very seriously. Like others at U.N.O., they have been lifted higher than their qualifications would ever lift them in the competitive market. Runs a nasty crack: "The administrative decisions they make, and the fact that they should have authority to make them, are equally surprising." Yet they can be so easy on the eye . . . some of them.

Finally comes the wide company with no phone extensions, the rank and file at Lake Success. Life is earnest, life is difficult, though naturally more so for the non-Americans. The American contingent is at least at home and knew what to expect. But the others who leapt at the lure of the U.S.A., its dollars, its rich material promise, are the really disenchanted ones who worry.

Yet worry eats at a high percentage of the whole Secretariat. Only a few have a permanent or long-range contract and those who have not, get quite narky when told to think more of their mission and less of their future. "The only people who can afford not to be careerists," they snap back, "are those with a settled career." It is the same as in Germany. For the most important work in the world, we offer dim prospects, and then complain when those who sign on are not of adequate calibre.

Here is one department where we could have learnt from the Nazis. Had they occupied England, they'd have sent the elite of Germany in the equivalent of Control Commission.

When home and land are gone and spent
Then learning is most excellent

An Austrian nobleman at Lake Success sits beneath this old adage which hangs beside the picture of a forty-six-room Schloss, and his nostalgia speaks for the very many who are homesick and lonely, and, as they say, "only leading an existence." They find themselves isolated, spiritually, and unable to tune into the American tempo. "When I return to France," declared a French girl to an interviewer, "the only things I shall miss about America are the material things like the food, the clothes and the soap!"

She might have added that the two principal material things that are wanted, homes and cars, cannot be afforded. Lack of each strikes at the bottom of U.N.O. disenchantment. Lake Success is twenty-two miles from New York and accommodation is as hard to get at one end as the other. Three large centres for mass living have been created at the Lake Success end. They hold 750 of the Secretariat—such as can stomach community living. But two-thirds of the staff have to shift for themselves. With the accent on the "shift" because a terrible time is spent each day commuting to and fro along those twenty-two miles.

Another piece of the disenchantment—the animosities that non-American members of U.N.O. encounter, and not just in the isolationist and Zionist-ignited Press, but from taximen and in bars and stores and kindred places of public resort. The line is that U.N. has "gone sour." Just as, with juvenile impulse, they were crazy about the novelty of it, so Americans, who cannot abide absence of success, turn from an organization that doesn't give results. From that to asking "What are all these foreigners taking our apartment-houses for?" is a short step. Not that the same thing mightn't be heard in similar circumstances outside America.

Another line is to challenge "Why don't you take out your citizen papers?" This was said once too often within hearing of a certain high U.N.O. executive and he exploded. "Become an American? What for? I'm not a guest of the United States. I'm sick of being resented! The United States did its darndest to get U.N.O. and we are on our own international territory."

Indeed, there are signs of a counter-attack on the way, what the Americans call "cutting us down to size," and it is much to the credit of certain U.S. circles and influences (from which, I might add, most of my data is taken) that the true position of U.N.O. and its staff, of no matter what nationality, is being put before the palpitating public, especially New York's. Such an appeal for fair play is doubly necessary since a State Department official announced that several hundred subversive foreign agents had got into the U.S.A. thanks to their affiliations to U.N.O., and were roaming around the country "fomenting discord."

Such a broadside, though it patently indicts but one obvious type, is bound to hot up the atmosphere for all of U.N.O.s disenchanted non-Americans, and these, in their present mood, may be expected to retaliate.

So are you surprised, one way and the other, that Paris has coiled itself magnetically around Lake Success Americans and non-Americans alike? Why, with luck, the fortunate ones may be three months in delicious Paree where accommodation, restaurants and shops are wide open to people drawing francs at 330 to the dollar. At that rate clerks and typists earning £8 15s. 0d. a week and only partly keeping themselves, will be able to step out magically by the Seine.

END

Gambling Centre Of The World

(*Continued from page* 16)

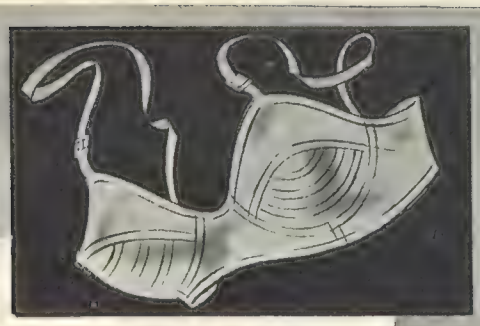
how long this form of share dealing might have continued if the twins had not become greedy. They cast off their backers and decided to enter the ring themselves.

The Paris stockbrokers watched the fortuitous dealings of the twins, first with apprehension and then with alarm; they were reaping a vast fortune; the stockbrokers and the "jobbers," who were buying from or selling to the Blancs, met together and decided to call in the aid of private detectives.

A number of these gentlemen were put on the trail of the Blancs and in a very short time all the necessary information was forthcoming. A warrant was issued and the Blancs were arrested.

Yet it was one thing to allege fraud and quite another thing to prove fraud. There was no law to prevent a person profiting by advance information, but the Blancs had to pay enormous sums for their legal defence and they spent literally millions of francs buying off evidence. As usual in France, politics were mixed with the law and the Blancs, guilty of nothing more than financial wiliness, were the victims of circumstances. The Public Prosecutor thundered out demands for penal servitude, but in the end the judge gave them a sentence of seven months' imprisonment which incidentally was roughly the period through which they had been so successfully operating on the Paris Bourse.

The sentence served, the Blancs came out of prison with a total capital of 100,000 francs—four thousand pounds, and looked for new worlds to conquer. But François had something more than his share—one-half of this sum. He had (*Continued on page* 54)



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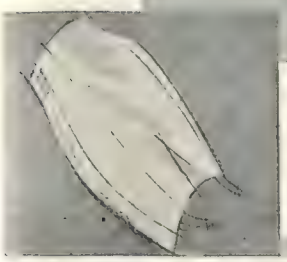

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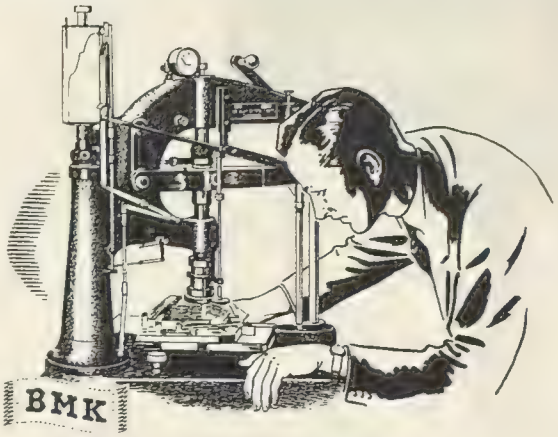

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now the unshakeable conviction that there was a fortune in gambling, so long as one did not oneself do the gambling; the thing to do, he postulated, was to cater for gamblers. All you had to do was to let the losers pay you the sum of their total losses, while you took a percentage—*la cagnotte*—from the winners.

François looked around for a place in which to start. The two brothers picked on the moneyed city of Frankfurt, cradle of the Rothschilds, but Frankfurt was not a success. In 1843 they obtained a gambling concession at Bad Homburg and here Fortune smiled on the twins.

François Blanc now attracted attention to himself, not as the ex-waiter and ex-convict, who had made good, but as a very astute financier. Among others who "discovered" him was no other than the famous Lord Brougham, who wrote of François Blanc: "He has astonished me by the profundity of his prevision and calculation." Yet, handsome as this testimonial was and as successful as Homburg might be, François Blanc was not altogether happy. Homburg had got itself a bad name, not because the gambling was not honest, but because the chief *animateur*, the promoter François Blanc, had made the mistake, he confessed it, of allowing the townspeople into the Homburg casino; local businesses ruined because of the owners gaming losses were poor advertisement. He began to look for fresh pastures. He was told—possibly by Lord Brougham who was interested in the French Riviera—that the Prince of Monaco was hard up and might well be amenable to doing a deal; to sell a gambling concession.

François went to Monaco and found it a dismal hole, but with a certain wild, barren beauty. It took between three and four hours to reach Monaco from Nice, over a horrible road much frequented by footpads, so the majority of travellers preferred to make the journey by ship, a dilapidated vessel which did the trip in an hour and a half. What particularly attracted Blanc's attention was a huge rock at the eastern end of the Principality known as the Roc des Spelugues. But he found he was late; the Prince had already parted with the gaming concession to two Frenchmen who had opened a casino opposite the Prince's palace and who were reputed to be planning to remove it to the Roc des Spelugues. Blanc stayed in a small inn—he eventually bought it and turned it into the world-famous Hotel de Paris—studied the *terrain*, just as a general would study a potential battlefield. He found that the ship left Monaco at 11 p.m. to return to Nice, and those who allowed the attractions of the Casino to make them miss the boat had either to brave the dangers of the road or stay the night in one of the inns, all of which he found filthy dirty.

Giving the matter further study, François Blanc found that the two adventurers who had obtained the original concession from the Prince of Monaco had parted with it to another man who thought he could emulate the Homburg success of François Blanc.

This second owner, name Duval, of the gaming concession in Monaco, sold the concession because of a clause in the contract which spelt ruination to him; he found he was bound to spend a quarter of a million francs on building a new Casino on the Roc des Spelugues—and he had but eighteen months in which to start building.

With this information François Blanc returned to Homburg, but arranged with confidential agents to keep him informed as to Monaco developments. Blanc learned, in 1863, that a man named Lefevre had bought the gaming concession from Duval and that it was Lefevre and not the Casino who was on the rocks. Blanc drew a large sum of money in cash and set out a second time for Monaco.

In the Principality, Blanc lost no time in contacting Lefevre. The ex-waiter said to the owner of the gaming concession: "Look here, I'll buy you out, lock, stock and barrel. I'll give you one million seven hundred thousand francs (sixty-eight thousand pounds in those days), not a cent more. I'm going over to that *café* over there for my *petit dejeuner*. When I'm finished I shall expect your answer, yes

Gambling Centre Of The World

or no, but if you try and haggle with me I'll withdraw my offer. Good morning."

Half an hour later Lefevre went to Blanc and said: "Give me the money."

Now Blanc had to tackle the Prince of Monaco who was exceedingly short of ready money, but he found the Frenchman generous. Blanc offered the Prince fifty thousand francs a year, plus one-tenth of the annual profits and guaranteed to arm, feed and buy the uniforms for the Monaco Army, one hundred and twenty strong, to pay for the upkeep of a police force numbering eighty, and to maintain the public services of Monaco as well as to pay the local clergy. In return for this largesse, Blanc extracted a promise from the Prince: to issue a royal decree forbidding entry to the gaming establishment to all Monegasques; they would be allowed to frequent the theatre, concert hall, restaurant and cafés, but not the gambling tables. Blanc had learned his lesson in Homburg. The decree was signed and published and is still in force to this day.

To change Monaco from a barren wilderness into a paradise on the Mediterranean was quite a job and cost a lot of money, but Blanc tackled it. He sent to Scotland for gardeners, to Italy for masons; he brought architects from Paris. In 1868 the railway entered Monte Carlo for the first time, but when Blanc obtained the concession he chartered an up-to-date vessel to ply between Nice and Monte Carlo.

In 1870 the Prince demanded a new contract from Blanc; he asked for a minimum annual guarantee of profits. Blanc granted the request. The Prince had done well, so had the townspeople. Although Monte Carlo Casino was flourishing, the domestic affairs of François Blanc were not in such good shape. Before going to Homburg, François Blanc had had a *liaison* with a Frenchwoman by whom he had had two sons whom he had legally recognized. In Homburg he had married a German servant girl named Charlotte Hensel. Madame Blanc was exceedingly intelligent and ambitious and probably for this reason the Homburgers detested her and spread a rumour that she had proposed marriage to François—with a revolver in her hand. Whether Madame Blanc was a "pistol packing Mama" or not, she took charge of the inn in Monte Carlo where Blanc had originally stayed and began to turn it into an hotel which for those days (1872) was a luxurious establishment; now Blanc's two sons wanted to come into the business. Madame Blanc, married to François for sixteen years, opposed this. In Monaco the Prince was having trouble with the French Government which pressed him to cancel Blanc's contract. But the Prince, luxuriously installed, was furious. He threatened the Quai d'Orsay that if it persisted with its demands, he would abdicate—in favour of the German Emperor!

Madame Blanc was a nobody in Homburg because, despite being the wife of a fabulously wealthy man, she was of lowly birth. Neither could the Germans forget that her husband was an ex-waiter and an ex-convict. In Monte Carlo she was a queen. Why, the ten officers of the Monaco Army were instructed to salute her and her husband whenever they met them. Then, one fine day, the officers "mutinied." They refused to salute. Blanc was not annoyed in the slightest, but Madame was; she insisted on the salute being maintained. She forced her husband to tell the Prince that unless the officers continued to salute they would be dismissed. They continued to salute.

When the end of the Franco-Prussian War came, Blanc who had been advised to sell out his Monte Carlo holdings because it was certain that the French Government would eventually manage to make the Prince cancel the concession, replied to this advice by sinking all his liquid assets in the Casino venture and borrowing large sums from French financiers, but he had only another five years to live. In 1877 he died, leaving behind him a fortune of two hundred million francs (14 million pounds) all made out of gambling, directly and indirectly, (*Continued on page 56*)

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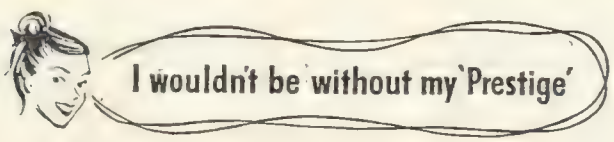

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Tomato Soup	5 mins.	50 mins.
Irish Stew	12 mins.	1 hour
Stewed Pears	6 mins.	1½-2 hours
Potatoes (halved)	8 mins.	35 mins.

'Hostess' Model, complete with table serving cover, cooking rack and instruction and recipe book.

saves **time** . . . *saves* **fuel** . . . *saves* **flavour**

NOW THEY ARE CLAMOURING FOR ORANGE! *says OLD HETHERS*

You'd be surprised how many people—and especially the ladies—are now asking for Robinson's Orange Barley Water. They remember of course the excellent Orange Barley Water that Robinsons made before the war. So you can imagine how pleased I am to tell you that it's being made again, but supplies of first-rate juice, good enough for Robinsons, are still so limited that you must not be disappointed if you can't get hold of a bottle. Fortunately the Lemon variety is reasonably plentiful and that's the kind which first made Barley Water famous.

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within a period of say thirty-four years!

Madame Blanc had two daughters and a son, Edmond by François Blanc, who had bequeathed her seven million francs. Madame, seeing that her late husband's two natural sons were determined to enter the business and control it, made up her mind that her two daughters would bar the way. Feeling herself unequal to managing the Casino she engaged the services of a Count Bertosa, who after a year's service proposed marriage to the widow and was rejected.

Madame Blanc married her daughter Louise to Prince Constantine Radziwill and was determined that her second daughter Marie should make a more brilliant marriage. French, English and German governesses were engaged; Marie was taught Court etiquette; there were dazzling routs, parties and balls, but all to no avail. The desired Prince Charming never put in an appearance. In despair, Madame Blanc engaged the services of a professional matchmaker, who for a fee of 100,000 francs promised to deliver the goods. Within six months she produced Prince Henry of Battenburg, but he was rejected in favour of Prince Roland Bonaparte. Two years after her marriage, Marie died, in 1880, and her mother died in the following year, satisfied that she had two sons-in-law to defend the interests of her daughters against the interests of her late husband's sons.

The two princes and Edmond Blanc were the chief shareholders in Monte Carlo, and after mutual consultation they decided to sell their shares. In Paris the shares shot up and the chief shareholders sold out. Edmond Blanc went into the sugar business, became Mayor of St. Cloud, a prominent racehorse owner and a Deputy. He was unseated for bribery.

Gambling Centre Of The World

Then Camille Blanc, one of the two natural sons, came into the picture. Camille and his brother Charles had been bequeathed one hundred shares each in the Casino. British investors became interested in the Casino shares, but the shares were not quoted on the London Stock Exchange. Some investors were very wary, because the concession was due to expire in 1913. Count Bertosa, of whom we have heard, was manager, but Camille Blanc was quietly buying up small packets of shares. Gradually he pushed the Count out and made himself head of the administration. His dealings with the Prince of Monaco were on the same generous scale as his father, with the result that the concession was extended. That concession expired last year. It is strange but true that Camille Blanc and the Prince of Monaco never met and all their involved transactions were conducted through third parties.

Matters flourished until 1914 when Monte Carlo slumped. The *Société des Bains de Mer*, as François Blanc had facetiously named his gambling venture was once again literally on the rocks. Camille Blanc looked around for a financial life belt and in the person of the late Sir Basil Zaharoff he found it. That fabulous and legendary multi-millionaire provided the money and secured the controlling interest. This modern Midas, as usual, had the golden touch and the prosperous days returned to Charlie's Mount, but Camille Blanc was a broken man. In 1922 he retired from the glittering scene, ending the last chapter of the romantic story of Monte Carlo.

END

The Spell-Binders (*Continued from page* 15)

and supply organization, Eisenhower had sixty-one American divisions in Europe at the end, and sixty had been in the fighting—and it was hard fighting all the way), Britain was only gaining time. Still, American public opinion was swayed in favour of Lend-Lease, and the British people got a needed fillip. The rhetoric served its purpose.

On that occasion Churchill—like Kerensky and Lenin, and unlike Liebnecht and Roehm—was time-tuned. Prior to September 1939, he was so far off the time beam that his oratory fell flat. People are only moved by eloquence when in the mood and on the beam. Then they will sometimes "discover" a speech they missed at the time it was made.

Said Lincoln: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced . . . we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain: that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." No particular applause greeted this brief speech dedicating a Civil War memorial. But as time passed more and more ears picked up the incomparable music of that oratorical poem. It is now secure among the immortal orations.

Outside politics, you have to go to religion to find the great spellbinders. With nothing more than a gift of the gab and a brassy nerve, the late Aimee MacPherson founded a Church, achieved international fame, and acquired, if not a solid fortune, anyway an income comparable to that enjoyed by most vaudeville stars. True, she was reasonably comely, but Sir Charles Cochran would not have picked her for the front row of one of his Young Ladies' chorus teams.

Father Divine picked up where Aimee left off, and seems to have done even better than the flamboyant blonde founder of the Four Square Gospel. An obese, elderly negro, he has a tall, beautiful young white wife, and he lives in considerable luxury. It's said that those who tune to his oratory "see the great fundamental coming through." The same experience may perhaps be gained by tapping oneself on the head with a hammer for a period.

END

The Sparkle of Youth

If your eyes are young, you will never look old. If your eyes smile, your whole face, your whole personality, lights up. If your eyes are healthy, you see more of life

So much depends on them—you owe them greater care. Optrex is the mild efficient servant of your eyes, and by using it freely at the slightest need you ease their hard, altogether unappreciated, work.

Optrex

the EYE LOTION

The Pony Express Museum (*Continued from page* 29)

the most exciting museum to be found anywhere in the world.

The museum is owned by a Mr. W. Parker Lyon, who, having made a fortune by middle age, decided to devote the remainder of his life to collecting relics of the Bad Men of the Old Wild West. Each year he adds newly discovered "originals" which he has found about the towns of Nevada and California, and also other abandoned sites where the old stage coach once ran.

Included in the unique collection are five stage coaches and there are freight wagons and fire engines from "ghost" towns which tell of building booms and efforts to save the wooden shanties from flames.

Adventure in all its forms may be read from many of the items found in the museum, including both natural death and full-blooded murder.

It is not generally realized that although men of the old west were accustomed to hardship, they could obtain a higher standard of living provided they had the money. El Dorado Hotel in Hangtown, known to-day as Placerville, was one of the better Californian hostelries in 1850. Here the "residents" rubbed elbows over the gold pans and matched skill at cards. However, in the El Dorado dining-room, a decent standard of behaviour was demanded, even when paying ninepence for a square meal with dessert. But they had to pay in advance—the gold scales being at the end of the bar.

The bar at the museum, and it is very much a "live" one, was one of Lyon's earliest acquisitions. It was found in the basement of a saloon run by a justice of the peace. It is crowded and jammed with every imaginable Wild West exhibit, but here visitors to the museum can partake of every conceivable modern American drink, thus tending to enhance romantic notions of the adventurous past.

END

AT THE END OF YOUR TETHER?

These are "nervy" days, and the tension, far from slackening, tends to tighten. No wonder so many feel near the end of their tether, with nerves on edge.

"SANATOGEN" Tonic Wine is an admirable restorative, for it combines the "pick-me-up" qualities of a rich, full-bodied wine with the active tonic properties of "SANATOGEN" Nerve Tonic Food.

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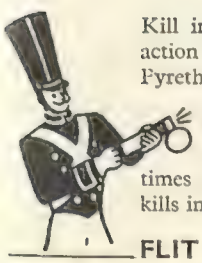

Kill insects easily with powerful double-action Flit—a scientific blending of deadly Pyrethrum and DDT. (1) Spray Flit in the air after closing windows and doors. Spray Flit in wardrobes, for moths. (2) Spray Flit 3 or 4 times on walls and ceilings. The DDT kills insects touching sprayed surfaces.

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due to high altitudes, speed and sudden changes, relieved with
Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY
Successfully used for over 40 years throughout the world.
Obtainable at leading Chemists everywhere.

10,000,000 Medals

(*Continued from page 20*)

consisted of twenty-five officers, fifteen warrant and non-commissioned officers, and twenty-one privates and able seamen. The decoration carried with it—and has done ever since—a pension, and the acts of bravery for which the sixty-one war heroes were honoured were cited, for all to see, in the *Gazette*.

Since then there have been other awards for individual courage. For officers the D.S.O. was created in 1886, and in the first World War were added the Military Cross (1914) for officers and the Military Medal (1916) for other ranks, together with the D.S.C. and D.S.M. (both 1914) for naval men. The advent of the aeroplane into warfare led to the creation of the D.F.C., the A.F.C., the D.F.M. and the A.F.M. in 1919. And the second World War has produced, among other coveted decorations, the George Cross.

It is customary for the recipients of the highest gallantry awards to attend an investiture at Buckingham Palace. For the millions not so entitled—those still serving, ex-Servicemen, ex-wardens, ex-Home Guards and the rest—there will be an investiture of a less formal kind—when the postman knocks at the door and delivers the campaign stars and medals they won in the second World War.

END

Mr. Fix Wins His Spurs

(*Continued from page 19*)

Miss Latour, hand on hip, angled suggestively in front of him.

"Thank you," he said.

"You will have supper with me in my room to-night, yes?"

"Well, I——"

"I have two charming frescoes, Mantinis, you *must* see them."

Andrew Fix pondered this new variant. Finally, he said, cautiously: "Could we make it to-morrow night, Miss Latour? I want to unpack and settle in and I've promised to tutor Miss Bagshott in her history."

"But of course. To-morrow night will do just as well." She allowed herself a slow smile and swayed gracefully away.

MR. FIX filled his pipe with thoughtful prodding fingers. Jill Bagshott sat on the desk, her legs swinging. Her heels, bumping the side made a pleasant booming noise.

She said: "Please, can I have a cigarette?"

"You're too young."

"I'm nineteen and don't shoot your eyebrows up like that."

"Are you asking *me*, a person in authority, to subscribe to this breach of discipline?"

"I'm asking you to subscribe a cigarette. Anyway, how old are you, Andrew?"

"Andrew——" Mr. Fix gasped.

"Don't be Victorian. And anyway it's on your suitcase and after all we are partners in crime."

Her companion unhappily recalled the situation. "Well," he said, "I suggest to-morrow night. That'll give us both time to get organized." As he pulled out his lighter Jill Bagshott made small impatient signals. He opened his cigarette case and passed it over to her. "I suggest we meet at the front gate. I'll ring a taxi and have it pick us up there, say at midnight. Can you manage?"

The girl blew a brief feather of smoke towards the ceiling. "Yes, I think so."

Miss Bagshott slid off the desk. "By the way. . . ."

"Yes?" He scented the air suspiciously.

"Are you going to Paris? I have an Aunt in Paris."

"No," said Andrew Fix with satisfaction. "London."

"Good, me too," said the girl quick-wittedly. "Auntie will have every gendarme in the city out looking for me." She smiled brightly at him. "You're awfully kind, Andrew."

"Not at all," he said dully. He held the door open for her. After he had closed it he bowed suavely to himself in the mirror. "A very charming girl," he said to himself, adjusting his tie. "Very charming. I wish that I could wait until to-morrow night." He smiled cunningly.

ABOUT four hours later Andrew Fix shovelled shirts feverishly into his case. "You will like Rouen, Fix," he mimicked savagely to himself. Handkerchiefs followed the shirts. "Fix returns from Aeaea! Shades of Homer." Toilet gear followed the handkerchiefs and he held his tooth glass to the mirror. "Confusion to the Dean of Possett." He toasted the image briefly and snapped the locks of his case. Then he struggled into a Burberry and crushed a roll-away felt hat haphazardly on his head. "Forward, Odysseus. Salute to adventure!" He switched off the light and eased the window up.

As his feet found the soft turf he sighed with relief. The case pulled after him fell with a soft clump in the border. To Mr. Fix the clump was like a thunder clap and he crouched immobile amongst the crushed flowers. The pollen tickled his nostrils.

When his eyes had reached agreement with the quarter light he eased off cautiously towards the protection of a clump of beeches. Arrived there, he paused. The spatter of footsteps sounded on the gravel drive ahead of him. They died away towards the school building. Mr. Fix's breath escaped relievedly. "Free," he muttered.

"Not yet," whispered a voice in his ear.

Mr. Fix took off and rose several feet in the air. He came down facing the other way. He regarded the face below his, a pale smudge in the starlight. "What—who are you?" he croaked.

Miss Bagshott poked her face closer. "Remember?"

"Good heavens! You should be in bed. You nearly scared me out of my wits."

"Well, hang on to them. We may still need them."

For the first time Andrew Fix noticed that his companion was warmly wrapped in a fur coat and had a grip in her hand. "Going somewhere?" he asked coldly.

"Yes, with you, Mr. Doublecross. You shouldn't try it, Andrew, you're too transparent."

He supported himself against the tree. "Look, you're crazy. You can't come."

"I'm going crazy here."

"You'd better skip back to the dormitory before they notice anything."

Miss Bagshott shook her gleaming curls.

"Well," Andrew Fix spoke heartily, "I must push off. Night-night." He picked up his case.

"I'm going to scream," said the girl quietly.

"For goodness' sake——"

"Do I come then?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Fix hastily.

"Thank you, Andrew," she said sweetly and took his arm.

They forged through the tree shadows skirting the drive. Miss Bagshott struggled to keep up. "Do we have to go so fast?"

"Yes," said her escort brutally. He listened with satisfaction as her breathing became more laboured. "You would come," he whispered.

"My bag's very heavy," said the small voice between breaths.

"You can always go back?"

At this moment a backswept pine branch took the girl full in the face. She stumbled with a small squeak.

"Sssssssh!" Mr. Fix picked up her bag. "O.K." he said wearily. They resumed formation, Andrew Fix going a little slower under the added weight. He commenced to veer to the left in order to regain the drive.

"Are you sure this is right," said the small voice at his shoulder.

"Quite sure."

After ten minutes (*Continued on page 61*)

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for sheer grace and

elegance of line your shoes must be

distinctively

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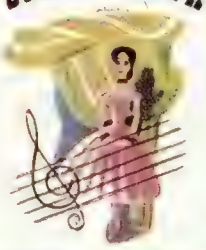

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during which the going became darker and heavier he realized he was lost. He came reluctantly to a halt.

Miss Bagshott halted obediently behind him. "Well?" Her voice came meekly out of the dark.

Mr. Fix cleared his throat. "I think we're off the line a bit."

"I think I know where we are. The main road is just ahead, to the right. I know a path to it."

With suitable humility, Mr. Fix stood aside and waved her ahead. In five minutes they were on the white road. After a further five minutes they were trundling into Rouen on top of a truck load of apples.

JILL BAGSHOTT was dreaming. In the dream she was wearing a long wispy dress that was blown close about her. She was perched on a cold battlement. On the sward below, Andrew Fix, gleaming splendidly in armour, was rhythmically decapitating a many-headed dragon. The heads rolled one by one to the wall at her feet and she recognized the faces of Madame de Ruffec and the rest of the staff from the school. She sighed deliciously. She awoke.

The chafing against her cheek caused her to open her eyes and the pattern of Mr. Fix's heviot tweed jacket grew slowly into focus. Jill Bagshott didn't mind. It was very omfortable. Her eyes crept cautiously up he herring-bone to his face. Mr. Fix, uriously, wasn't minding either.

Mr. Fix Wins His Spurs

He grinned down at her tousled crown. "Victoria in ten minutes, Jill."

"Gosh, I'm hungry."

"We can eat as soon as we get there."

"I think," said Miss Bagshott, rubbing her cheek delicately against the tweed like a cat, "I think I'm being met. I sent a cable from Calais."

"Oh, I see." The rhythm changed suddenly as they swept over the bridge. The Thames eddied comfortably below, and in five minutes they were sliding under the dome of Victoria.

The silence lasted until the barrier was reached. "Well," said Mr. Fix with assumed heartiness, "see you in the witness box." At this precise moment he came face to face with the Dean. He choked. "Oh, er—hello, sir."

"Good afternoon, Fix," said the Dean. "How are you, Jill?"

"Fine, thanks, Uncle Hugo." She smiled sweetly.

Andrew Fix fingered the air between them. His face twisted inanely. "Uncle Hugo—Jill, Jill—Uncle Hugo," he muttered.

"Thank you for sending such a romantic knight, Uncle Hugo!"

"Was he adequate? I'm so pleased. It was a good bet—he had a second in medieval history."

"I give up," said Andrew Fix dazedly.

"Good," said the Dean of Possett College. "Now you can both have tea with me."

END

In A St. Edmundsbury Cloister

(*Continued from page* 28)

hen, holding it in his left hand, he tried its lge with the thumb of his right. It was far harper than he had judged. A long gash pened in the fleshy ball of his thumb and the lood began to gush out. What a clumsy llow I am, he thought, and twisted about wound a strip of the linen rag which he pt for wiping the colours from his brushes, that his thumb seemed to bulge enormous, ll streaked with vermilion and lapis lazuli nd ochre. Three days later, though the rother in the Infirmary had done his best, e thumb, unbandaged, bulged just as large nd was almost as brightly coloured; and two days more Brother Sebastien was ead.

The Abbot sent for Brother Boniface and harged him with the task of completing the py of the Cambrai Manuscript, within, if it ere humanly possible, the next twelve onths. The original had been borrowed from Ely—he said—for a limited period only, and what with Father Ambrose's slowness towards the end, the days lost in choosing his successor, and now the most unfortunate decease of Brother Sebastien, the matter had become urgent. Boniface would be excused from all duties, even his meals might be served in the South Cell if he desired.

Now Boniface was happy indeed. The pangs of conscience which he had suffered on account of Sebastien's death, which he had never for one moment intended, were assuaged. Besides the pure, absolute joy which he took in the work itself he had the pleasing sense of privilege and the heady sense of responsibility. Upon him depended the honour of the Abbey, the task of seeing that the precious original went back at the end of the year to Ely, as had been promised, while the copy, as beautiful as he could make it, took its place in the Abbey library.

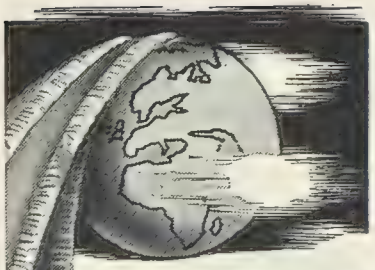
And that was the only moment when he even fleetingly remembered the man who had whispered out of the straw and the darkness. *He*, poor wretch, after a delay due to the Abbot's inherent distaste for such matters, was at length brought before the Abbot's Court, suffered trial by ordeal, and was condemned.

FOR years afterwards the labour of Brother Boniface was spoken of with something approaching reverence. His industry astounded everyone who witnessed or heard of it. All day, from early morning until noon he toiled at his work, pausing then to walk once around the cloisters telling his rosary and once again munching his noon-piece. Then on again ; and the monks who rose for the midnight service would see his little light still burning ; and the first one to rise would discover him, either already in his place or hurrying towards it in the grey morning light. God was with him, they murmured, awed.

THE work grew apace. Even and smooth, with no sign of weariness or weakness the lines of black lettering covered the parchment ; vivid with colour, scarlet and blue and gold, yellow and silver and crimson were the borders and the initial letters of each page. Now and then a privileged visitor was granted a glimpse of Brother Boniface toiling away, and, if he were very important indeed, a peep at the work itself. There was now no doubt that the Cambrai Gospel, for many years the measure of all penmanship and illumination the world over, had been superseded. When it was done the St. Edmundsbury Manuscript would take its place as the example of perfection surpassed. Years after he had turned to dust in the burying ground Brother Boniface's Gospel would be treasured, treated reverently, lent about and admired and copied.

If he lived to finish it. As the year waxed into summer this thought found a place in some anxious minds. For, despite the special meals, he grew thin and wan ; his muscles, raised by his work in stone, shrank and grew flabby ; his shoulders rounded ; his eyes were always red and swollen. But he seemed happy, and when inquiries as to his health, or timid words of advice were offered, he always said staunchly : "Never fear ; I shall live to finish the work."

He did so with a full month to spare. On a narrow grey day in November he put the finishing line into a tail-piece which ended the manuscript. The tail-piece was an invention of his own, for the Cambrai Gospel ended the foot of the page, the copy, due to some carelessness upon the part of one of the earlier scribes, stretched to a new page and ended half way down. In the space at the end Brother Boniface had drawn and painted a picture. It did honour to his community ; for in the centre was St. Edmund, calm and smiling through the arrows' agony, with little blue and yellow flowers thrusting up through the grass at his feet and a flock of tiny birds (*Continued on page* 62)



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That's why "MODERNA" pure lamb's wool blankets, in their lovely pastel shades, are all sold abroad to pay for the food we need.

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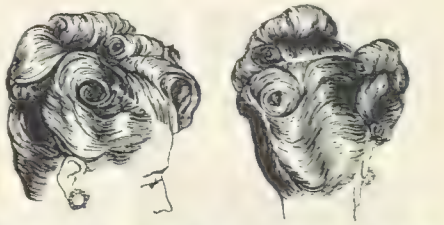

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Lovely NATURAL Wave

Because it looks so natural. Because it cannot harm your hair. Because there's no heat, no machine, no fuss . . . you'll like this permanent wave better than any other you have ever tried. If you cannot find a hairdresser with the Lustron authorisation sign, write to Lustron, Warwick Road, Boreham Wood Herts.

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FACE POWDER

Air floated by a special process and sifted through silk, Dubarry Face Powder reaches a degree of fineness hitherto unattainable. The secret of the perfect matt complexion. Stays on longer than most powders.

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DUBARRY PERFUMERY CO. LTD.
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I'M GLAD MUM'S BETTER!

WHEN DOES MY PARTY START, MUM?
OH, DONT WORRY ME DEAR. IVE A DREADFUL HEADACHE
OH DEAR! I CANT GO ON-POP NEXT DOOR AND SEE IF Mrs BROWN HAS ANY 'YEAST-VITE'
CERTAINLY LOVE. HERE YOU ARE- MUST HAVE MUMMY FIT FOR THE PARTY
LATER
I'M GLAD MUMMY'S HEADACHE HAS GONE!

SHE TOOK YEAST VITE

If you suffer from **HEADACHES, RHEUMATIC PAINS, NERVE PAINS, NEURALGIA OR SLEEPLESSNESS,** try Yeast-Vite Tablets yourself.

YEAST-VITE

"Pick-Me-Up" Tablets, 1/6 & 3/8

with bright plumage circling about his head. It was, and Boniface knew it, absolutely perfect. It was beautifully conceived, beautifully executed, and it signed the work. There would never be, as in the case of other manuscripts, any doubt as to its identity. From the Abbey of St. Edmund, and from the hand of Boniface.

Content, uplifted, purged for the moment of all feeling, even that of satisfaction, Boniface tilted back his stool and waited for the last line of colour to dry. And then sorrow seized him. It was over. The thing he had wanted above all things to do, was done. The future stretched emptily. He brooded for a moment, and then, with a sigh, reached out to lay the brush which he had retained in his hand, upon the table. As he did so his voluminous sleeve, rolled to the elbow for freedom, unrolled itself and caught the inkhorn. A thick black glossy stream poured out over the page. Paralysed with horror Brother Boniface watched it widen, saw it mingle with the colours which were still wet and roll on, a black, blue and yellow-fringed flood. Then, with thin screams issuing from his mouth and wildly shaking hands he tried to staunch the stream. The sleeve, still flapping, overset the pot of vermilion and scarlet mingled with the black.

It was hopeless. Not only was the page upon which he had been working blotted out, the ink had seeped into all the edges, marring page after page, border after border of

In A St. Edmundsbury Cloister

Father Ambrose's, Brother Sebastien's work. The whole thing was ruined. Brother Boniface began to weep upon a high hysterical note that had something horribly animal in it. All his power and skill deserted him. He *knew* that though he worked for twenty hours a day for the rest of his life he would never do such penmanship again. That which had made him master of all, better than Ambrose, better than Sebastien, better even than that old penman of Cambrai whom the world honoured, had deserted him. As he stared, with despair, through hysterical tears at the ruin he had wrought, a little beam of candle-light flickered, picked out the blade of the knife with which he cut his quills, and without thinking, acting like an automaton, he snatched up the tool and drew its sharp edge across his throat. Blood completed the havoc which ink and colour had begun.

The Cambrai Gospel was returned, as had been promised, to its keepers at Ely at the year's end. A few pages of the St. Edmunsbury copy, salvaged from the wreck, went into the Abbey School as a means of inspiring and instructing young penmen. Brother Boniface, who had taken his own life and died unshriven was buried, with dismal, curtailed rites in a corner of unconsecrated ground, close to the grave of the man whom even the tolerant Abbot thought to be guilty of witchcraft.

END

Lightweight Crepe Undies Set

(*Continued from page* 36)

LIGHTWEIGHT UNDIES SET

Next row.—Rib 78, turn; rib 20, turn; rib 26, turn; rib 32, turn; rib 28, turn; rib 44, turn; rib 50, turn; rib 56, turn; rib 62, turn; rib 68, turn; rib 74, turn; rib 80, turn; rib 84, turn; rib 92, turn; rib 96, turn; rib 105, turn; rib 2 rows. Make a row of holes as for the front. Rib 4 rows. Cast off.

EDGINGS

With No. 13 needles, work strips for lower edge of each leg; 1 strip for round top of edge.

1st row.—Cast on 4 sts. K.

2nd row.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2.

3rd row.—K. 3, m. 1, k. 2.

4th row.—K. 3, m. 1, k. 3.

5th row.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 (8 sts.).

6th row.—Cast off 4 sts. K. to end.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece lightly on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the side seams of vest. Sew on the edging round the top. Sew up the under seam of panties. Sew up the side seams. Sew edging to the lower edge of legs. With a No. 12 crochet hook, make a chain of "Cryscelle" and thread through the holes at the waist. Press all seams and edgings on the wrong side. Sew on ribbon for shoulder straps.

Wool-lace Christening Robe

(*Continued from page* 36)

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Work 2 in. main patt. (ending on the last row of patt.). Change to moss st. Continue in moss st. until armhole measures 4 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 20 sts., cast off 19 sts., work 20 sts. Work on the last 20 sts. for ½ in., casting off 1 st. at the beg. of the next 2 neck edge rows (18 sts.). Cast off remaining sts.

Return to the first 20 sts. Work to correspond.

THE FRONT

Work as for the back until after the armhole shaping (59 sts.). Work 2 ins. patt. Change to moss st. Work 1 row, divide sts. Work 29 sts. (place the remaining 30 sts. on spare needle). Work on the 29 sts. until armhole measures 3 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row, and continue casting off 1 st. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 18 sts. remain. Cast off. Return to the 30 sts. on the spare needle. Join wool at the centre front. K. 2 tog. at the beg. of the row (29 sts.). Work on the 29 sts. to correspond with the other side.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 50 sts. Work 2 rows moss st. Make a row of holes (as for the back of robe). Work 2 rows moss st. Change to No. 10 needles, work 2 ins. main patt. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 15 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. With a No. 4 steel crochet hook, work a row of double crochet down each side of front opening and round the neck. Work as follows round the neck: 1 treble into the first st., * 2 chain, miss 2 sts., 1 treble into the next st.; rep. from * all round.

Next round.—1 double crochet into the first st., * 2 double crochet 3 ch., 2 d.c. into the next space, 1 double crochet into the next st.; rep. from * all round. Press all seams and edgings. Thread ribbon through holes at waist, round the lower edge of sleeves and round the neck.

In Search Of Glamour

(*Continued from page* 42)

Florists have at last been able to produce a real soap tablet scented violet, geranium or verbena. At almost any chemist's now or on any cosmetic counter, you will find a large selection of really good bath and hand soap.

Another new preparation is Dorothy Gray's "Leg Show," which is designed to save your nylons. This is packed in a large 6 oz. bottle at the low selling price of 5s. 10d., and comes in three shades—pink beaver, dusky glow and copper tan. The best way to apply this film is to pour a small amount in the palm of your hand, rub your hands together and then work up from the instep towards the knee with long, even strokes. They say this is weatherproof, will not rub off on clothes, but is easily washed off with soap and water.

END

LA LAINE
knitting wool
The choice of discriminating women

Attractive and useful JACKET

Two-colour scroll pattern. Long or short sleeves. La Laine Leaflet No. 2219, price 3d. or post free, 4d. If in difficulty write Bairns-Wear. Ltd. Dept. LL423 Hucknall Rd. Nottingham.

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"In choosing the right food mothers bestow what should be the birthright of every baby — an insurance policy to good health! The right food for YOUR baby is the best that money can buy — COW & GATE.

"Where a young baby's life is concerned, surely it must be false economy to buy anything but the best?

"Better be sure now than possibly sorry in years to come; insist therefore on giving your child the best possible start in life — a fine healthy constitution.

"Buy COW & GATE to-day and be proud of that Cow & Gate look."

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COW & GATE MILK FOOD

The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

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SAYS MRS. J. WOOD, OF RICHMOND, SURREY.

NOWADAYS it isn't simply people with large homes and plenty of money who are buying Hoover Cleaners. Housewives *in every walk of life* are realising that present Hoover prices are so reasonable that they, too, can have the make of cleaner used for the lounges of the "Queen Mary", in leading hotels and wherever else quality and efficiency are the first considerations. The Hoover, which "beats . . . as it sweeps . . . as it cleans", saves hours of weary drudgery every week. By cleaning so thoroughly, it also makes your carpets last longer; and you fit the cleaning tools — for curtains, upholstery etc. — *in a second.*

There is a Hoover Cleaner for every size and type of home. Quality higher than ever before. Prices from £10 . 10s. to £21 (plus purchase tax).

"Yes, my little home and the 'Queen Mary' are both Hoover-cleaned," said Mrs. J. Wood, of Richmond, Surrey, in a recent interview, "after all, since you can get a Hoover for much the same price as ordinary makes, why not?"

There may be a little delay in delivering some models, so you should see your Authorised Hoover Dealer as soon as possible.

BY APPOINTMENT

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Regd. Trade Mark

MARMALADE

with all its delicious flavour and pre-war quality

IS NOW OBTAINABLE
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colds!

START TAKING SEROCALCIN *in September*

Many people, who habitually suffered from colds in winter, have found that a course of Serocalcin taken in September enables them to go through the difficult months without catching cold. Serocalcin does not succeed in every case, but its record makes it worthy of a trial by everybody subject to colds.

Prevention of Colds

Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months' immunity from colds.

Treatment of an existing Cold

Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold this often clears up the attack in 3 to 4 days. Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

Serocalcin is available in two sizes: The immunising course of 60 tablets costs 7/6 plus 1/9 Purchase Tax. The treatment pack of 20 tablets costs 3/- plus 9d. Purchase Tax.

All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for descriptive booklet "Immunity from Colds."

SEROCALCIN *Reqd.*

FOR THE PREVENTION
AND TREATMENT OF COLDS

A Push-Over For Romance

(*Continued from page* 32)

At Colletta's Earl swung her on to the pavement. She clung dizzily to a lamp-post while he tethered Lone Star to it. Inside the restaurant Colletta could not recollect them. "American, R.A.F., Tank Corps . . . they all come here in zee war," he said, shrugging apologetically. "But cavalree . . . nevaire!"

However, after phoning the police to move on the crowd from his windows and let the customers in, he found them a table in a secluded corner. He also placed a screen round them.

"Oh, Earl," Jill said, after adding a cushion to the order for hors d'œuvre, "Isn't this wonderful."

"You said it!" Earl exclaimed enthusiastically. "Gee, honey, it's a million dollars wonderful."

"But how did you get my address, Earl?"

"Why, beautiful," he said, looking at her with surprise. "What else would I do but contact your navy department. It was as simple as falling off a log."

If it was as simple as that, she thought, why hadn't he written before? She was going to mention it, with a passing and highly exaggerated reference to the lonely hours she'd spent waiting, when Earl noticed the screen. He folded it up and placed it against the wall.

"Guess if I'd wanted to hide I'd have stayed behind the door back home, eh, folks?" he said, with a jovial wave of his hand to the other diners. "Texas Earl Regan's the name. Glad to have you meet me."

Jill wondered whether she or Earl had changed. Or was it that Tom was so quiet and undemonstrative that she'd forgotten how lively and uninhibited a G.I. could be.

Later Jill steadfastly refused a lift home on Lone Star. She preferred a well-upholstered taxi, driven slowly. Still, she assured herself, it wasn't every girl whose taxi was escorted by a mounted cowboy. There *was* an element of romance in that.

Next day, fortunately, was a Saturday. From eight to nine Jill took a hot bath. It brought out the bruises without having any noticeable effect on the stiffness. The next hour she spent brushing her blue two-piece. It was apparently the moulting season for horses.

Sonia was not oozing sympathy. "Of course Tom Kennedy must have recognized you," she said, pointing out another patch of horse hair. "Did your cowboy friend arrange any more jollifications for to-day?"

Jill nodded. "He'll be round at eleven thirty. He has a surprise for me."

At eleven Tom Kennedy called. He was wearing a brown sports jacket and grey flannels. He also carried a paper bag.

"I followed you to the restaurant," he told Jill. "But I didn't come in. I thought it might embarrass you."

Nothing could have been more true. Yet it was a remark that infuriated Jill. "Embarrass me!" she exclaimed. "More likely you. Anyone as conventional as you would have *loathed* being seen with a cowboy."

"I'm not very picturesque, am I?" Tom said, with a rueful grin at himself. "I say, Jill, you did give me a fright yesterday. I thought sure you'd fall off that horse. How on earth did you manage to keep your balance?"

Standing there, in his sports jacket and flannels, he looked the typical young Englishman. Hair not too tidy, eyes very blue. And awkwardly eager not to offend the girl he was in love with.

"I thought," he said diffidently, "you might like to come for a walk in the country to-day. I expect you're feeling pretty stiff and a walk. . . ."

Jill shuddered. "Earl is taking me out to lunch," she said coldly. "At the Savoy."

"I'd always wanted to be the first one to take you there," Tom said ruefully. "I'd planned to if I landed that new job." He smiled a little sadly. "I hope your Earl doesn't spoil everything for you by turning up in fancy dress."

When he'd gone Jill said, "One thing Earl's arrival has done. It's shown me I never, *never* could have married Tom. Of all the conventionally prosaic. . . ."

"Well?" Sonia said, as Jill put the blue two-piece in the cupboard and slammed the door. "*Don't* you hope he's in civvies? *And* without Lone Star. Maybe Tom isn't quite so. . . ."

At that moment two taxis drew up to the kerb outside. From one taxi stepped Earl. He was wearing sheepskin chaps. With the help of the driver he carried a wooden crate to their doorstep. Out of the other taxi emerged three Press photographers.

Neither of the two girls quite knew how it all happened. But suddenly the crate was in their room and they were perched on it, with Earl standing at the back, an arm round both. The Press was busily taking flash-light photographs.

"Here's your caption, boys," Earl called cheerfully. "'Ex G.I. Brings Home the Bacon to War-Time Sweetie'."

When the Press boys had gone Jill told Earl he needn't break into the crate and open up a tin of anything. She thought she could just manage to hold out till they got to the Savoy.

"Guess I had a hunch not to bring Lone Star along," Earl said. "He'd never have carried the three of us."

To be taken to the Savoy had always been a dream of Jill's. A dream in which her companion had been well-dressed and attentive to her every wish. In Texas, she imagined, Earl's sheepskin chaps, plaid shirt and gaudy neckerchief would have been noticed with approval in the gossip column of the local newspaper. In the Savoy they were simply noticed. But even her romantic imagination couldn't discover much attentiveness in Earl's manner towards her.

Sonia seemed to strike an appropriate note when she said, "I just can't wait for you to start shooting out the lights, Mr. Regan. Or lasso a waiter!"

Earl looked at her admiringly. "You and I should have met up in the war. We sure would have livened up this dump in those days, baby."

Outside the spring sunshine was warm even through the London haze. It was an afternoon for a walk in the country. An entrancing vision came to Jill. It was of herself walking down a lane with a boy in brown sports jacket and grey flannels. It was a pleasant, restful vision and she concentrated on it, ignoring the stares and the giggles that greeted their progress along the busy street.

Sonia was asking Earl if hair grew again after one was scalped by Indians when it all happened.

"H'ya, cowboy?" came a voice from above as a hand reached over Jill's head and tipped Earl's two-gallon hat over his eyes.

"Tom!" Jill exclaimed, staring pop-eyed at the figure on the horse at the kerb side. "Have you gone mad?"

"Western, sweetiepie," Tom said, grinning. "Wild western. That's how you like 'em, isn't it?"

He didn't look like any Tom she'd ever known. It wasn't only the leather chaps, the red shirt and the Boy Scout hat that made him look different. There was another look—one that said very plainly that, for once, he didn't care a damn whether she was pleased or not. If anyone was going to have fun it was Tom.

"Conventional and prosaic," Sonia murmured. "Sometimes I wondered."

Earl emerged from his two-gallon hat. "Get down off that clothes horse," he said grimly. "And stand on your two feet while I take a poke at you."

"Suits me," Tom said affably, sliding from the saddle.

"Earl!" Jill shrieked. "You're not to." A crowd had begun to gather. Over their heads she saw the entrance to a News Theatre. She made a wild dash for it.

In the darkness she (*Continued on page* 66)

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BJ459

regained her composure. It was a relief to feel herself a nonentity again. Being with Earl, she now confessed to herself, was like walking about London in a bathing costume. And now Tom! Fighting in the street. It was appalling. She shuddered as she thought of the things the tough Earl would do to him. Not, she reflected bitterly, that he didn't deserve all he would get.

She paid no attention to the Travelogue or the Disney cartoon. Miserably she wondered whether the ghastly failure of the romantic re-union hadn't been all her fault. Earl was only a big boy really. He'd probably expected her to be as wildly excited as he was over his appearance in national costume. And about Lone Star. And all she'd been was as conventional and prosaic as . . . no, not Tom.

"Just arrived in London is Texas Earl Regan. . . ."

She ceased composing a letter of dismissal to Tom and concentrated on the Newsreel. ". . . an ex G.I., Regan made his first public appearance in England at a rendezvous with his wartime girl friend."

For a moment, as on the screen she saw herself being kissed by Earl she forgot how embarrassed she'd felt at the time. It *did* look romantic. It was a pity she'd made that frantic grab at her hat. Still, it was all very gay and exciting. She began to think of Earl with tenderness again. If it hadn't been for his dressing up and bringing Lone Star she'd never have seen herself on the films.

". . . . up-si-daisy," the commentator said facetiously, as the film showed Jill being lifted on to the horse. "Looks just like the films, doesn't it? But Texas hasn't come here to marry the girl. He and his horse Lone Star are booked for a tour of the music halls in the cowboy act they made famous in New York. . . ."

As she hurried out of the cinema her face was scarlet. Not because of the roar of laughter with which the audience greeted the "shot" of her riding behind Earl. She wasn't confused or embarrassed any longer. She was plain mad with anger. Romantic re-union! All Earl had used her for was a cheap publicity stunt.

Back in their room Jill flung herself into an armchair and buried her face in her hands. She had hoped to find Earl still struggling with Tom when she came out of the cinema. But the street had been quite normal and unconcerned again by then. She wondered anguishedly whether Tom had been taken away in an ambulance.

Getting up to stride the room furiously she bumped her knee against the crate of food. She could see the picture in the Sunday newspapers . . . she, Sonia and Earl and a crate of food for starving "sweeties."

She took a running kick at the box, then hopped to the mantelpiece, nursing her foot. "If only Sonia would come in and I could cry," she thought. And then she saw on the mantelpiece the paper bag Tom had been holding. It was his chocolate ration.

She was still crying when Tom rapped on the window. He was wearing a double-breasted blue suit. He also had a yellow tie.

"Darling," she said, her arms round his neck in the hall. "Are you very badly hurt?"

"A couple of bruises," Tom said, "That saddle didn't fit me." He took the handkerchief from his breast pocket and dabbed her eyes. "You don't want everyone to see you've been crying," he said. Arm round her waist he led her back to the room.

"Your Earl would get publicity out of his grandmother's funeral," Tom said. "Those Press photographers tipped me off about how you were being used for a publicity stunt." He lifted his foot to kick the crate.

"Darling!" Jill exclaimed. "You'll hurt yourself. And he's not my Earl." She pressed her face to his new blue suit. "Thank you for the chocolates, Tom. You're not *really* a cowboy, are you, dear?"

"Hired. Horse and all," Tom said. "On the strength of my new job." He told her there'd been a wire waiting when he got back home, telling him he'd been appointed chief research chemist at a famous tyre manufacturers. "It was that and seeing you with this Earl that made me go after something else I wanted."

"What was that, dear?" she asked, snuggling closer.

Sonia flung open the door. "You brute!" she said to Tom. "Come in, Texas. If that cad so much as raises a finger I'll. . . ."

Earl had two black eyes. His sheepskin chaps looked as though they'd been recently slaughtered. "Gee! It's tough on Lone Star," he said miserably, dropping limply into an armchair. "Making a first appearance before a London audience on Monday . . . and me with a coupla shiners."

"Don't give it another thought, Texas," Sonia opened the newspaper parcel she'd been carrying. "Just rest with this steak on your eyes for three hours and nobody will ever guess you've been brutally assaulted." Smiling tenderly she placed her meat ration gently over his eyes.

END

A Push-Over For Romance

We Lived On Lundy (*Continued from page* 25)

we would hear the shattering crack of the fog-exploder from the South Light go smashing from coombe to coombe round the island. When its last echoes had died away, the foghorn blared from the North Light, and hooters and syrens from ships at sea wailed and moaned far and near. We knew that on the bridges of those ships red-eyed skippers and mates would be peering into the impenetrable grey fog, listening anxiously for the fog-exploder, as they gave the island's treacherous tide-rips and roosts a wide berth.

Above the grey beach of Landing Cove, with its black smuggling caverns and their deep narrow steps cut steeply into the face of the cliff, stood the square grey ruin of Marisco Castle, which had guarded this only landing cove on the island for 800 years. Even now, when south-easterly gales blew, it was impossible for the Lundy boat—a converted herring-drifter—to land passengers and stores in Landing Cove. Instead, they had to leap ashore on to the rocks on the south-west side of the island and climb up the cliffs with the aid of the old smuggler's rope.

It was exciting to land on Lundy from a boat. High up in the green cliffs above Landing Cove was a wooded dell known as Millcombe. (*Lunde*, by the way, can also mean a grove of trees or a grove to worship in). The steep road from the cove wound its way up into Millcombe, which was a playground of red squirrels and peacocks. From Millcombe a hanging terrace led northwards along the sidings. It passed through clumps of rhododendrons and under and over the jumbled trunks of ancient willow-trees, which had been uprooted by easterly gales; it passed cavernous bushy grottoes and the ivy-clad walls of old roofless cottages and abandoned quarries, where the convicts had hewn and cursed. Now the quarries were overgrown with tangles of creepers and brambles, and their square sides were hung with great globes of burnished gold broom-flowers.

At the Halfway Wall—a stone dyke running right across the top of the island—the terrace lost itself in a maze of deer and goat paths, which were beaten out in the crumbling mould through an almost impenetrable jungle of bracken.

Where the terrace ended, there was a great gathering of Knights Templars carved out of the crags—six or seven giant figures sitting with mailed fists crossed on sword hilts between their drawn-up knees. *Caersidi*, the Fortress of the Fairies, the Welsh called Lundy. A little further north, a great stack, two hundred feet in height, rose out of the sea a few yards from the island. In the clear green waters at its base the sleek shining bodies of great grey seals cruised around lazily. When the tide ebbed back from the shelves and ledges at the base of the stack, the seals would heave themselves up on the rocks with pushing flippers. Then they would roll over on to their (*Continued on page* 68)

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That Child's Cough needs

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Nothing like *POTTER'S* for breaking up a cold, giving *instant relief* in *Asthma* and melting the congestion of bronchitis. Wonderful for Catarrh, Coughs, Whooping Cough, etc. 2/5 a tin.

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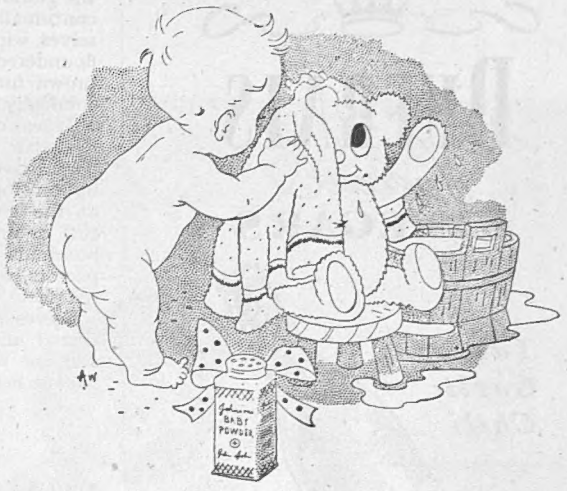

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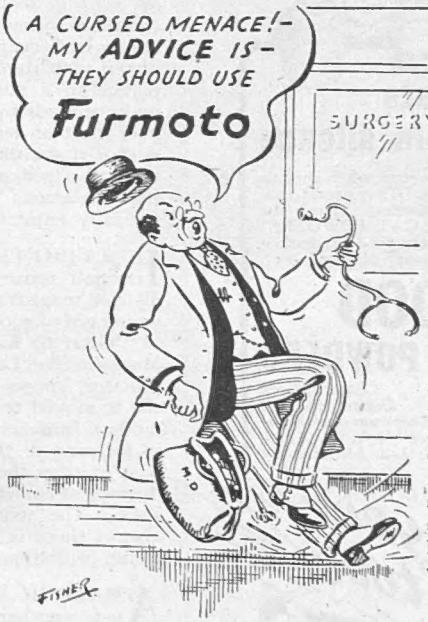

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sides or backs and expose their fat tummies to the glorious warmth of the sun. They yawned continually, coiled and unstretched themselves, wiped their snouts with their paws, and floundered sluggishly about the rock; while the brown furred cubs scratched their tummies comically with lazy hands.

It was on the green and rocky slopes about the seals' rock that Lundy's own bird, the puffin, lived in colonies of thousands. Lined up on top of the boulders and standing at the entrances to their burrows, in the turf or under the boulders, might be seen hundreds of little black and white sea parrots, with huge red-and-orange beaks and red feet.

Scores of black and white razorbills also nested under the boulders on Puffin Slope, and one would hear them cawing away like parrots beneath the boulders. But most of the razorbills mated on the cliffs and stacks, where thousands of brown and white guillemots scrummed up on broad ledges, packed as tightly as they could up against the cliff face. And then there were the thousands of little grey and white kittiwake gulls, also nesting in colonies on the cliffs, and hundreds of bigger gulls on the stack-tops and sidings. There were the cormorants and shags and scarlet-beaked oystercatchers, the ravens and buzzards and all the smaller birds. But by the middle of August nearly all these tens of thousands of noisy, gaily-coloured sea birds had left for sea with their young ones. Cliffs and sidings were strangely silent and deserted, and rabbits and goats browsed where before the comical puffins had massed.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

FROM the dithyrambs of *Lord, I Was Afraid*, Mr. Nigel Balchin returns to straight narrative in **"The Borgia Testament"** (Collins, 9s. 6d.), a capitally written story of the ruthless, forceful Cesare's relations with his Papal father who was all for shifty compromise and would cool the son's hot-headed ardour by saying: ". . . it is fine to be proud when you have enough lances behind you. Otherwise the best weapons are prayer, humbleness, and a certain agility." It relives, in modern idiom, a vivid phase of Rennaissance history.

THE trouble about Miss Elisabeth Inglis-Jones's **"Aunt Albinia"** (Faber, 9s. 6d.) was that she wanted to be "topdog, always a little better than anybody else." Married to a Welshman with money and a good house, she coveted his cousin's bigger one, and does everything to ensure that they will inherit it. Complications ensue when she has to resist the cousin's advances, and a foundling is left on his doorstep to be adopted. A quiet, slow-moving country story of character.

MISS MARGERY SHARP'S **"The Foolish Gentlewoman"** (Collins, 8s. 6d.) is foolish because, a comfortable, childless widow living in a large suburban house with every attention, she is suddenly bitten with the idea that she once did an injustice to a poor relation, Tilly, and must make amends by sending for her and making over most of her money. It wouldn't be the author if she didn't turn Tilly's advent into a sharp-edged upheaval which readers with poor relations on their consciences will specially enjoy!

INDIA 1941-42, subversive work by a band of Bengali terrorists, and the shooting of a district magistrate by one of them, Tara, a young girl of good family, form the framework of **"Goat to Kali"** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.). But Miss Cecilie Leslie, daughter of a Behar solicitor, knows her background so well that she is moved to present an inside picture of modern India as well as a dramatic story, and in focusing it through Lynn Coles, the girl who marries the magistrate, doubtless gives it much of herself and her own intense experience. The structure may have faults but always there is the compelling interest that comes of firsthand knowledge.

AMATEUR sleuth Mrs. Bradley tackles yet another mystery in Miss Gladys Mitchell's **"The Dancing Druids"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.). Her job is to link up the disappearance of three men at nine-yearly intervals with a racket for smuggling valuable pictures, genuine and faked, out of the country; and again she races the professional O'Hara—now chief constable—to the post. Also in the running is Mrs. Bradley's secretary Laura, a forthright young woman who says "Suspenders to you" by way of backchat and will have to be watched, for she's a bit near the line. Detection with humour, and a good time by all except the villains. . . .

I'M always learning strange things from U.S. novels. Mr. Wallace Stegner's **"Second Growth"** (Hammond, 9s. 6d.) discloses that the money-taker at New England village dances stamps "Paid" on your wrists in purple ink; also that the village hires local fiddler and "sax," inferior though they be, because "if it didn't pay out in wages it would have to pay out in charity come winter." This story of locals and summer visitors, and the not necessarily romantic interaction between the two, is both dramatic and entertaining.

TUSSLES with Bahaman pirates? Lusty eighteenth-century ship life with sailors who bark "Hearken, you incorrigible, tarry-smelling, ignorant reefer!"? There's fighting and adventure to spare in Mr. Hamilton Cochran's **"Rogue's Holiday"** (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.), just the kind of yarn for a man, young or old, who has a sneaking nostalgia for the "bloods" of boyhood and yearns for adult stories as gripping. . . .

OTHER books recommended to readers:

NOVELS

"The Wild Yazoo," a fine, robust tale of the Northern Mississippi in the wild pioneer days of 100 years ago, by John Myers Myers, (Macdonald 10s. 6d.); Fan Nichols' first novel, **"Possess Me Not,"** a passionate plea for the rights of the individual (Allen, 8s. 6d.); **"Two Lovely Beasts"** and other short stories with the inimitable Irish touch by Liam O'Flaherty (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.); **"Old Fashioned Locket,"** by Helen Eastwood (Eldon Press, 8s. 6d.); **"Accidents will Happen,"** by Victor Bridges (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Pictorial Guide to Modern Home Needlecraft" (Odhams, 8s. 6d.) will be as valuable to the expert home dressmaker as to the novice. The book is profusely illustrated with sections on renovations and pattern making, dressmaking and tailoring.

The two latest additions to the Studio "How To Do It" books, are **"Fashion Drawing,"** by the famous fashion artist, Francis Marshall and W. Suschitsky's **"Photographing Children"** which will appeal to all child lovers as well as those interested in the problems of making good photographic studies of children. (Studio Publications, 15s. each). Other recent publications of note include **"Cooking in Ten Minutes,"** by Edouard de Pomiane (Faber and Faber, 9s.); **"Portrait of New York,"** by Cecil Beaton (Batsford, 16s.); **"The First Holy One,"** by Maurice Collis (Faber and Faber, 18s.); **"Toys and Models,"** by Cyril Pearce (Batsford, 12s. 6d.)

END

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